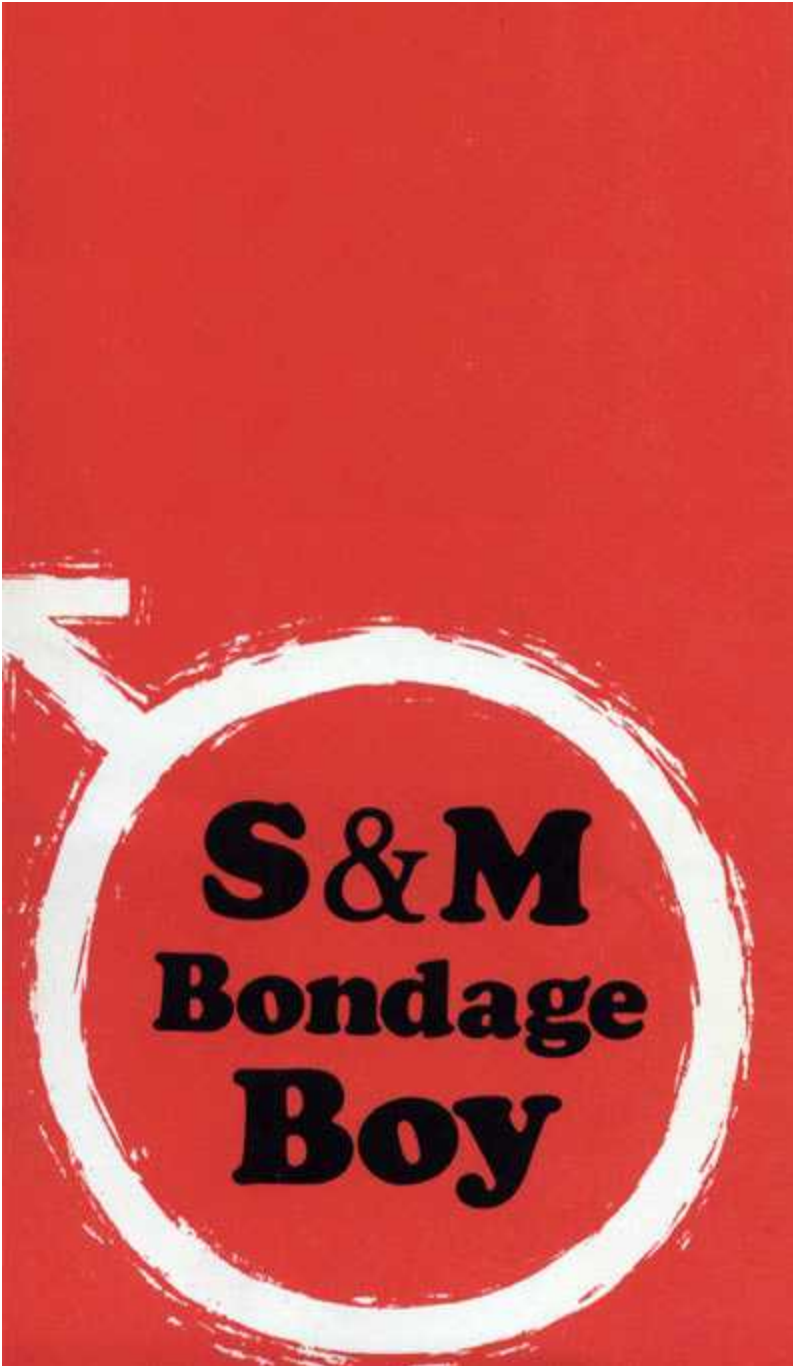


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AC-326 S&M BONDAGE BOY by Barry Dunn

CHAPTER ONE

Mark buried his rugged face in the hairy warmth of Grant's lower belly.

Grant's cock throbbed as it stood out from his groin, hard, ready, its tip touching the bottom of Mark's chin. Mark could smell the distinctly masculine odor of his co-worker's horse-sized fuck tool. He breathed the aroma in deeply, moaning with satisfaction.

"Go on, buddy," Grant urged softly, his voice tremulous with passion.

"I'm giving my prick to you. I'm letting you have my cock. It's yours. Do whatever you want with my cock. Make love to it, man. I'm dying to feel your hot mouth on it!"

Mark slid his wet tongue out of his mouth and began to lick Grant's stomach muscles, feeling the hard ridges beneath the tanned flesh.

Plunging his tongue into the little depression of Grant's navel, Mark had to press his face harder against the other young man's belly to keep from being shoved away as Grant gasped and jumped in surprise.

"No, don't! That tickles, man! I can't stand it. Oh, stop!"

But the more Grant protested, the more Mark enjoyed using his tongue to make the stud squirm beneath him on the bed. His hot tongue rolled around and around the rim of Grant's belly button, drilling into it every few seconds and bringing a new wave of helpless, breathless laughter from Grant. But Mark was too hungry for Grant's cock to continue this teasing much longer. He could feel the hard, springy strength of the hard cock rubbing against his jaw, could once again smell the slightly sharp butch odor of Grant's crotch. It was intoxicating to him. He put his hands on Grant's thighs and drew his tongue down lower, until it was running through the guy's heavy bush of crotch hair. Grant's prick kept jumping back and forth, as though it knew that the wet, caressing sensations Mark's mouth was lavishing on the area around it's base would soon be felt on the smooth, solid cock shaft itself,

and then on the twin balls that swung below it. Mark ran his tongue slowly between the folds of muscle formed by Grant's lower belly and the top of his thigh. Grant jumped in ticklish response to this, too, and when Mark's mouth reached his balls, he let out a loud sob of pleasure.

"Yeah, stud! I dig that. I dig having my balls sucked. Suck 'em for me good! Oh, please Mark suck on my balls for a while!"

Mark didn't have to be told to do it. His mouth was already rubbing over the guy's balls, his tongue licking out over them, trying to guide the lower-hanging ball between his lips. Grant caught his breath as he felt Mark wetting his balls and then made another loud, shuddering sex-groan when Mark sucked the right ball deep into his mouth and began to play with it with his tongue and nuzzling lips.

"Shit, man!" Grant moaned. "I love that. I love the way your mouth feels on my fucking balls. Oh, God, do I love it!" He leaned farther back on the mattress, resting his weight on his elbows, and spread his husky thighs wider to give Mark more room between them to work on his balls.

Mark thrilled to the way Grant's cock pulsed, jerking back and forth and slapping against his forehead when he sent a particularly intense shudder of sensation flowing through him with a swipe of his mouth over his balls. Mark liked the feel of Grant's, his hairy balls filling his mouth every bit as much as the powerfully built Grant enjoyed having his balls serviced by that hot, tireless tongue. Mark could feel the ball itself moving inside its wrinkled touch as his tongue toyed with it, tossing it gently from cheek to cheek and then teasing it by puffing, his lips slowly back and forth over it.

Part of the satisfaction Mark derived from this came from his knowledge that he was in complete control of the situation. The slightest pressure of his jaws on those sensitive balls and he could send blinding, crippling pain treating through Grant's muscular body, instead of the pleasure he was experiencing now. Grant knew that he was at his partner's mercy, too, and when Mark's mouth moved too roughly on his imprisoned balls, he grasped him by the hair and eased his head gently off them, guiding his panting mouth to his cock.

"Suck it, baby!" Grant whispered urgently. "Suck my fucking cock for me now please! I'm going to explode if you don't! I need it bad, Mark!"

"I want it, too," Mark moaned. Rather than shove Grant's prick directly into his mouth, though, he washed the cockhead and cock shaft with his tongue first. He licked up and down that fat, warm cock until the skin glistened like oiled ivory and the thing was so rigid that Mark had to use his hand to get a good grip on it to bend it away from Grant's stomach so he could fit his lips around the cockhead. He teased Grant for just a moment longer by sliding his hot mouth on and off the smooth knob of the prickhead. Then, abruptly, Mark lunged at it, taking nearly all of the juicy cockmeat into his yawning mouth in a single famished gulp.

"Oh fucking Christ!" Grant shrieked. He hadn't expected this sudden thrust of Mark's mouth after the drawn-out teasing, and the firm pressure of those warm, smooth lips wrapped around the base of his cock, gripping and massaging it, drove him wild. His fingers tightened in Mark's hair, holding the guy down on his prick.

"Don't move, man!" Grant warned, his voice cracking from tension. "Just stay there a minute or I'm going to come shoot my fucking jism straight down your throat! Don't even lick it with your tongue for now let me get used to that hot mouth on my cock!"

Mark grunted with frustration. But he wanted to suck that big hard cock badly enough to heed the warning and avoid a premature climax. He relaxed the pressure of his lips and knelt between Grant's legs without moving, Grant's prick in his mouth but barely touched by it. Mark's nostrils were filled with the rich musky maleness of the other guy's groin. Grant's hard-on felt heavy and solid inside his mouth, lodged as it was almost into the opening of his throat.

Finally Grant began to ease the pressure of his hands on Mark's head.

"Christ, man!" he laughed. "That was close. Real close. I almost shot!"

Mark was glad he hadn't. He wanted to enjoy a long suck session with Grant's prick in his mouth. So he pulled back carefully until the head of that

juicy fuck rod slipped from between his lips. He looked up at Grant and smiled.

"Is it okay now? Can I have it?"

Grant leaned forward, his hands cupping Mark's face, and kissed him roughly on the mouth. "You sure can, buddy. It's all yours. Yours to suck."

Within seconds, Mark had sucked the stud's cock into his mouth again all the way. As his dark head bobbed rapidly up and down in Grant's lap, Grant groaned, fell back on the bed with his legs spread and his knees rubbing against Mark's body on either side, and just enjoyed the blow-job. Mark was an expert cocksucker who knew exactly how to give a guy maximum pleasure by coordinating the steady sucking action of his lips with the rhythmic licking of his tongue as he fucked the big prick shaft greedily in and out of his mouth. He drew it back, almost as far as the cock tip, and as he did so he ran his wet tongue in a side-to-side pattern, licking the whole underside of the cock shaft.

"Shit!" Grant cried, writhing on the bed and breaking out into a warm sweat all over. "You're killing me, fucker! You're driving me nuts with that hot cock-sucking mouth of yours. Take it! Suck me! More! That tongue's going to blow my fucking mind if you keep that up! Oh God! Oh, oh! Suck that cock!"

But when Mark fed his cock back into his mouth and used his tongue to coil and lash around the steely column of cockmeat in a forward-stroking motion, as though he were licking a lollipop or the top of a melting ice cream cone, Grant really went crazy!

"Ohhhhh -- yeahhh," he gasped. His big body jerked in spasmodic response to the fantastic blow-job Mark was giving him. "Suck, suck, suck, suck!"

His strong legs shot up from the bed and his thighs tightened around Mark's head, his hands shoving that hot mouth all the way down on his tortured prick. "Suck it! Suck it, man! Suck my prick!"

Mark was just as excited by what they were doing as Grant was. He was eager to find new ways of attacking the sexy, rugged young guy's cock with his lips and tongue. And he was thrilled when he heard wild cries of lust burst from Grant's throat and felt the answering pulse of his prick between his lips, the proof that he'd succeeded in arousing his humpy partner to higher and higher plateaus of ecstasy. Mark sucked that cock, all right, panting and slurping and drooling as he feasted upon its entire length.

He must have been blowing Grant nonstop for as long as an exhausting half-hour by the time it finally became too much for Grant, who abruptly pushed his head away and reached under his arms to make Mark get up from his kneeling position. Mark's jaws ached from the strain of working on that huge cock for so long. His lips could barely close after such a prolonged period of having that thick cock shaft ramming back and forth between them, fucking his face with such bruising, numbing force.

"What's the matter?" Mark gasped.

"Nothing! It's my turn now that's all."

"But you didn't come yet, and I wanted to swallow it!" Mark protested.

"Oh, I'll come, all right... after I drive you as wild as you just did me!" Grant laughed as he made Mark stretch out on the bed and began to slide his way down to his cock.

"Grant?" Mark stopped him. "I want us to come at the same time. Let's suck each other off, man let's sixty-nine."

Grant grinned. "Sounds great to me. But you better let me suck on your cock for a while before you go back down on me, buddy. I'm so hot from that wild blow-job you just gave me that I'll come the minute I feel your mouth on cock again! I'll give you head and when you're just about ready to blast, let me know and I'll let you have mine again. Okay?"

"It's a deal, stud," Mark quickly agreed.

He let Grant swing his big body around so that he was hovering over Mark, his huge cock, still wet and shiny with Mark's spit, dangling only inches above Mark's mouth like a fat meaty sausage hung for display in a butcher shop, Grant's face was pressing deep into Mark's groin. A moment later the warm, wet pressure of Grant's mouth was sliding down over Mark's hard-on and he felt the steady stroking of Grant's agile tongue on his prick. As Grant sucked him, Mark lifted his hands and ran them over Grant's muscular thighs and back to his ass, paler than the rest of Grant's dark-tanned body and delightfully smooth to the touch. Mark squeezed and kneaded the firm ass cheeks, burying a finger into the crack between them and toying with the guy's sweat-moistened asshole. In response, Grant bit gently down on his cock shaft, that began to lick and suck it even more furiously than before.

Mark's hands continued to play with the other man's ass and then with his dangling balls. They hung directly over his face and as he looked up at the guy's balls, he was seized by an uncontrollable impulse to take them into his mouth. Mark grasped Grant's balls and guided them down to his lips, kissing each ball in turn before opening his mouth wide to suck them inside. A deep, gurgling moan of lewd satisfaction came from Grant's throat as Mark began to slip his huge balls between his lips. He tried to take both balls at once, but they were just too big about half of one fat ball ran over his lips, refusing to pop inside them. With his eyes open, Mark could look up and see Grant's hairy asshole and, while he washed his balls with his tongue, he began to wonder if Grant would come too soon if he rammed his tongue up that invitingly butch asshole and rimmed it until the big stud begged for mercy.

Mark let Grant's balls slip out of his mouth after tonguing them for a few minutes, and applied a stronger pressure on Grant's ass cheeks, so that he could bring the guy's asshole down closer to his face. Now that asshole was within easy reach of Mark's mouth. He closed his eyes and tightened his fingers on Grant's ass cheeks and spread them apart.

Grant must have sensed what Mark was about to do for him, for suddenly the pressure of his mouth around Mark's prick almost stopped. Mark could hear his heavy breathing as he waited to see if he was really going to rim

him. Mark let Grant wait a second or two, then slid his tongue slowly from between his lips. Mark tasted the hairy warmth of the other young man's sweaty flesh. He guided the tip of his tongue toward the crack of that ass, felt the tension ripple through Grant's ass cheeks, then felt a sudden jolt backward as his tongue found the spot and rubbed quickly over and inside his asshole pucker.

The taste was tart but pleasant on his tongue in a way, this was even more exciting for Mark than taking Grant's cock into his mouth. He pressed his tongue back against Grant's puckered asshole rim and licked the warm, quivering ring of muscle. He could hear Grant grunting and groaning as he began to suck Mark's fuck tool again, with more urgency than before. Around and around Mark licked, making wet circles over Grant's asshole and enjoying the involuntary responses of the guy's body to what he was doing to it. Then Mark positioned the end of his slippery wet tongue in the very middle of the crack of Grant's ass and began to apply pressure on his asshole. He felt the tight sphincter resisting, then slowly beginning to spread open to accept his plunging tongue. Mark shoved his face forward again and his tongue fucked deep into the guy's hot asshole.

"Unh! Ohhhhh! Unnnhhh!" Grant grunted, not taking his mouth off Mark's cock, through, as Mark drilled his hot tongue higher, fucking it at least an inch into Grant's asshole. The strain on his throat was too much and he had to be satisfied with the penetration he'd already achieved, licking and sucking as he jerked his stiffened tongue back and forth through the twitching hole to literally fuck Grant with his tongue.

Holding tightly onto the stud's squirming ass, his fingers spreading the ass cheeks still wider open, Mark began to fuck Grant's asshole with long, fast strokes of his agile tongue. In and out of that juicy, super-responsive ass he thrust it, each time feeling a fresh, more intense wave of excitement wash through him as Grant's body heaved and shuddered, betraying his acute arousal.

While Mark rimmed him, Grant began to suck Mark's cock again. His mouth plunged all the way down, taking the cock right to the thick, curly wreath of hair around the base, holding it for several seconds while his tongue washed around the cock shaft. Then Grant pulled his suctioning lips

up until just the head of Mark's prick was in his mouth. Mark's foreskin was drawn tautly back, completely exposing his swollen, sensitive cockhead, and each time Grant's hot tongue rubbed over it Mark felt a quiver race through his balls. He knew this was a signal that, if Grant continued to service him this well, he was almost ready to come.

Mark pulled his tongue quickly out of Grant's ass. "I'm about to shoot it, man!" he panted.

"I'm almost there!"

Grant's mouth only pumped up and down faster, his tongue licking Mark's fucker more passionately, with greater friction.

"Grant! Christ! I'm going to!" Mark sobbed his powerfully muscled frame rocking from side to side beneath Grant's body as the spasms of orgasm hit him. "Oh! Oh, God! God, yes! I'm going to come! I'm coming!"

One of Grant's big, brawny hands flew down and seized his cock. He thrust it toward Mark's open, waiting mouth. Mark sucked the cockhead and most of the cock shaft inside his mouth, and just as the thick cockhead passed through his lips, he felt the first hot spurt of Grant's come shooting out of it. Mark closed his lips tightly around the jerking cock and sucked hard, not daring to even breathe lest this break his concentration as he prepared to drink Grant's cock cream. His jism was hot and thick, deliciously salty to the taste as it gushed from his cock, filled Mark's mouth, coated his tongue, and ran down his gulping throat to warm his belly and send a glow of satisfaction through his entire body.

Mark was coming, too. Almost from the first instant he'd felt Grant's jism pouring into his mouth, he'd begun to pump his own fuck juices down Grant's greedy throat in return for the favor. Mark clung tightly to the other man's ass, fucking his prick deeper into Grant's mouth, puffing Grant's prick inside his own mouth as far as it would go. Mark's warm lips were milking the sweet come from Grant's cock, massaging it and caressing it with his sticky tongue as it continued to fire hot gushes of jism into his mouth.

Mark didn't swallow the rest of Grant's cock cream as he shot it instead, he gathered the come in the back of his mouth and held it there until Grant had finished coming. When Grant finally lifted himself up and pulled his drained cock slowly from between Mark's lips, the guy on the bottom of the tight sixty-nine had what seemed like a quart of warm, salty come filling his mouth. Mark savored the taste, moving the jism slowly over his tongue. It felt thick and rich. He enjoyed the taste and the texture for a moment longer, then tilted his head back and let the huge pool of come slide right down his throat. He had to gulp hard to get it all down, but after a moment it was swallowed and Grant's jism seemed to be flooding the whole interior of Mark's body with its potent warmth.

Mark moaned loudly as he licked his lips to get the traces of come that remained smeared there.

Grant turned his body around, eased his muscular weight off Mark, and slumped down onto the mattress against him. He was covered with perspiration and lay there exhausted for a moment, breathing heavily against Mark's shoulder as the other guy threw an arm around him to pull him close in a hug.

Grant looked up and smiled. "You taste good!" he murmured.

"So do you," Mark laughed.

The taste of Grant's come was still strong in Mark's mouth, and Mark had no intention of rinsing it out. He wanted to retain the flavor for the rest of the day as a reminder of their lovemaking. Grant moved his face to Mark's and the two men kissed.

"We'd better get up and start getting ready for work," Grant said, with obvious reluctance. "Right, boss?"

"Right."

Grant was twenty-two and a construction worker. Mark, only three years his senior, was the foreman of the crew Grant had been working with ever since he'd moved to California from the east coast four months before.

Both young men were definite butch types, as were all of the other guy's on the construction crew. Grant had been shocked, at first, to learn that several of the rougher guys were gay. He'd been even more shocked when he'd discovered that the humpy foreman he'd secretly lusted after ever since joining the team was one of the boys, too.

Grant and Mark had run into each other by accident in the hallway of one of Los Angeles' many gay baths. At the time, they'd been so embarrassed that they'd retreated after exchanging grunted hellos, and they had avoided each other for the rest of the night. Next day on the construction site, however, Mark had approached Grant as though nothing had happened. But something had. Each man now knew that the other was available. After work that afternoon they'd gone to Mark's apartment for a couple of beers. The drinking had led quickly to some hot sucking and fucking in Mark's bed, and the two construction workers had been fucking regularly ever since.

They were not exactly lovers both liked variety too much to want to remain faithful to any one guy but their friendship had deepened as a result of the extremely satisfying sex they shared.

"We've got a new man on the crew starting today," Mark told Grant as they took turns showering and shaving in Mark's bathroom.

"In case you're interested."

"Should I be interested?" Grant retorted. "I can't imagine why you would be just because the guy is a gorgeous number."

Grant laughed. "Have you made it with him yet?"

"I won't pretend I haven't made my move yet, but I don't even know if the kid is gay or not," Mark explained. "He's from Germany, about your age, taking night courses at UCLA. Speak English very well and he's very friendly. The only problem is that he's very friendly and polite to everybody, so it doesn't necessarily mean anything. Much as I wish it did."

"But you said you've already put the make on him?"

"Oh, in a macho way very indirect. I was talking to him the other day, making him feel at home, answering his questions about the job, shit like that. I started telling him what a good body he had and asking him what sports he played back home and whether he had a girl or anything. It was all I could do to keep myself from raping him then but all I got out of him was the same big dumb smile."

"Maybe you're too old for him, man."

"You cunt. Well, you go ahead and try your luck with him today as long as I get a piece of the action if you do get through to him. A three-way with the two of you would be this dirty old man's idea of heaven on earth."

They dressed and drove to the construction site in separate cars so Grant could go to his own place after work. It was another hot, muggy day and there was much to be done. Mark had to go over some blueprints in the foreman's trailer, and Grant didn't see him for a couple of hours. Grant talked and joked with some of the other guys during their much-needed mid-morning break. He didn't notice Mark approaching with another young man in tow until the pair was almost upon his little group and heard Mark's voice behind him.

"Guys, I'd like you to meet Gunther Weiss. Gunther's from West Germany and will be working with us from now on. I hope you'll all make him feel at home."

Mark completed the introductions, introducing Gunther to each of the men in turn, but Grant barely heard the exchange of names and the polite small talk around him as he stared openly at the hot young German stud beside Mark. Grant tried to decide whether he'd ever seen a more perfect specimen of raw masculine beauty. He decided he hadn't. Gunther was a blond giant, even taller than Grant. He had a natural build smooth, without the sharp definition that guys who were into bodybuilding sought, but solidly muscular and clearly the product of hard work and hard, athletic play. He was dressed much the same way Grant and the other construction workers were: scuffed work boots; tool belt slung low over the hips; thin tank top, one that had to stretch tautly to fit over Gunther's huge shoulders and massive chest; indecently tight, faded jeans, revealing a huge cock-bulge

for all the world to see and admire and covet. His bare arms bulged and hard muscle beneath their dark tan, and a yellow hard hat dangled from one big hand. The guy's face was clean-shaven, virile, with extraordinary blue eyes, so light they almost seemed colorless in the fierce morning sunlight. The lips, set in the permanent smile Mark had mentioned, were full and red, parting to reveal the whitest teeth Grant had ever seen outside a toothpaste commercial on television. Gunther had long, thick, silky blond hair, bleached blonder here and there by exposure to the sun.

"And this is Grant Burrows," Mark said, completing the round of introductions and deliberately saving Grant for last. "Grant's new to California, too."

"How do you do," Gunther murmured, in the same deep, lightly-accented voice with which he'd responded to the other men's greetings.

His handshake was firm. Grant wanted to grip those big, sunburned fingers hard, pull the blond to him in a crushing bear hug, and taste that kissable looking mouth right in front of Mark and the other guys.

Instead, he controlled himself with an effort and responded warmly but with an appropriately butch restraint. But at that moment when their hands had touched, Grant had sworn to himself that he'd get into Gunther's tight pants and find out if that cock was as big as it appeared.

CHAPTER TWO

Grant knew he could drive around Los Angeles at night after work, hit the bars or the baths, and get all the fucking that he or any other good looking young stud could want. He could always fuck with Mark right, there, any evening after work or even on the job!

And Mark was a real stud, and one hell of a nice guy to boot if that was what one did with a trick who possessed both those qualifications. Grant knew that Mark, who was always trying to talk him into trying a little hot leather, wouldn't mind being booted around a bit as a prelude to sex.

But right now, Grant was sexually obsessed with the German stud, Gunther.

His fantasies about the big blond guy were so vivid that they were nearly as exciting as actual sex. Grant could all but taste the blond giant's hot come blasting into his mouth after a good long suck-off session!

Thinking about it, he licked his lips and rubbed his hand over his crotch to soothe the hard-on he'd sprung in his tight work jeans. Grant was in lust, if not exactly in love. So, for the time being, he went nowhere and picked up nobody.

Alone in his room at night, though, lying there in his bed, Grant had only to close his eyes and meditate for a few minutes before his fevered imagination conjured up Gunther's face and body so vividly that Grant could almost believe that the German he was enamored of was actually there in the bed with him. Grant visualized Gunther naked; his thick head of straight, impossibly blond hair tousled; those warm, inviting blue eyes boring deep into Grant's and burning with a passion that matched his own; that intolerably virile, sexy young face; and that stunningly perfect body and the big cock that Gunther's pants couldn't conceal!

Grant groaned as he thought about his coworker's bulging basket and the goodies it contained. Christ, the things he could do with that cock if he ever got his hands or, better yet, his hot mouth on it. The wildly, sexual fun and

games he could introduce Gunther to, and the things he could encourage that bumpy blond bastard to do to his own craving body in return fuck!

And that was exactly what all their impassioned, no holds-barred foreplay would be leading up to the fuck! Like hot, horny young animals in rut!

First Grant would get his golden-haired, tawny-bodied young lover's massive fuck tool fully hard and well-lubricated with his spit by sucking on it. Then he'd wriggle his ass up against Gunther's crotch to turn the big guy on even more. Gunther would get the idea fast and then Grant's butch ass would be fucked like never before, until they both spurted their hot jism.

Grant's nocturnal fantasies always made his cock swell immediately, as the thick rounded cockhead slid out from within its sheath of dark colored foreskin and glistened with moisture and oozing pre-come. Grant couldn't help himself as he abandoned himself to his sensuous thoughts.

He would spit into his palm to wet it, take hold of his prick and stroke that supersensitive, throbbing cock flesh as it grew thicker and longer, harder and stiffer, pulsating with pent-up lust. And, in Grant's imagination, Gunther would materialize next to him on the bed, in the stifling, sweat-producing heat and looseness of the bedroom, as horny for Grant as Grant was for him, as eager for the two of them to fuck.

The phantom Gunther would urge Grant on in his sexy, accented voice.

"Yes, Grant, please fuck me, fuck my ass, stick your big, beautiful hard cock up my asshole all the way to the hilt really want to get fucked! Ram it up into me, up my hot ass, fuck me!" And Grant, panting with lust, would lie back and try to imagine what it would be like to oblige. On other nights, Gunther's voice would be soft, a half-ashamed whisper, as he licked his lips to wet them and then moaned. "Let me suck it! Your big hard man's prick is so beautiful, Grant. I want to suck on your cock forever. Don't come for a long, long time, please, let me have it, let me take it in my mouth, down into my throat. Choke me with your cock. I don't care, just let suck it! Let me get my hot tongue down around your cock. Let me deep throat you. Oh, you stud, I want to blow you so much, I want to taste your jism!"

Jacking off in an erotic frenzy as the sweat ran from his powerful, naked body, Grant would spread his legs, grit his teeth, and gasp out breathless encouragement's to his phantom lover. "Yeah, suck it, suck my hot prick, you sexy Kraut mother-fucker you hung son-of-a-bitching stud!

Take it all, the rest of it, get all of my cock down your throat and suck it good, suck it yeah, yeah, that's it, that's good, eat it! Suck that prick! Take it! Oh yeah, like that, make me come. I'm ready to come in your mouth. Take it all, swallow my hot come load, fucker use that tongue to lick the come right out of my cock!"

Finally Grant would blast his jism all over himself, imagining that it was Gunther's mouth and throat receiving his come, or that he was pumping his spunk up into the depths of that muscular stud ass of Gunther's.

Grant would get himself hard again and beat off frantically a second, even a third time, pushing his body to its limits of endurance, before exhausted he would at last sink into a deep, contented sleep.

In his calmer moments, Grant admitted to himself that Gunther was almost certainly not gay, and might even still be a virgin, to judge by his general air of naivete about sexual matters. Planning to seduce him seemed hopeless, an exercise in frustration. And Grant's experience as a sexual aggressor was fairly limited. Until recently, he reminded himself, he, too, had been a virgin, and he continued to be rather passive in his sexual encounters, usually allowing the other guy to make the first move.

But after a few days of this frustrating, self-imposed abstinence, Grant began to feel too horny to content himself with mere fantasizing about a possible seduction of Gunther. He still lusted as hotly as before for the bumpy young German, but he knew that he had to find something concrete to satisfy his raging sex urges in the meantime, or he'd go crazy. A guy had to fuck regularly if he wanted to keep his cool! When the next weekend arrived, Grant promised himself he'd make the rounds of the city's gay night spots and fuck with strangers to get Gunther out of his system, if only temporarily.

That Friday night, Grant was in no mood for romance. He needed and wanted plenty of rutting, animalistic sex he wanted to wallow in it, to lose his identity as an individual and become just another body and cock and ass on the local meat market. He wanted to suck his brains out before he went home!

So he went directly to one of his favorite baths, a clean, well-maintained place that positively radiated sexuality. Grant didn't even bother to rent a room, just a locker to put his clothes in. Wrapping the towel provided by the bath around his waist, he sauntered boldly along the corridors, inspecting the other patrons, cruising and being cruised.

He decided to look into one of the orgy rooms.

Inside, he had to wait until his eyes had adjusted to the low lighting before he could move away from the entrance toward the center of the big room to see the source of the moaning, slurping noises that reached his ears. On the four or five bare mattresses that were pushed together on the floor to form one huge bed, Grant saw that a wild three-way was on, and progressing rapidly to its triple climax. A naked guy with a dark-tanned body and long blond hair a real Californian surfer type was kneeling on one of the mattresses with a muscular black man lying next to him. The black dude's head was thrust between the blond's spread thighs from below and he was sucking on the stud's incredibly long, thick cock, smacking his lips loudly and moaning as he applied firm, steady suction on the surfer's cock. He kneaded the blond's dangling balls with the fingers of one hand and caressed his own black hard-on with his other fist.

A big brute of a man was kneeling behind the blond and pressing his hairy body tightly against the surfer's buns, fucking his ass with quick, fierce strokes that drove the blond's cock in and out of those sucking black lips with increasing violence as the blond got more and more excited. His fucker had his arms thrown around him and was pinching and pulling at his tits to stimulate him even more as he fucked into his ass.

"Fuck me, man," Grant heard the blond gasp. "Oh, get that big prick of yours deep in my ass!"

Grant didn't think these three obviously uninhibited and horny men would object if he turned their threesome into a quartet. Moaning, he licked his fingers with his tongue, then drooled saliva onto his hand and rubbed the spit between his own ass cheeks, wetting the puckered hole of his ass. Then he quickly squatted over the black stud's crotch and guided the thick dark head of his meaty prick to his asshole.

"Fuck me!" Grant urged hoarsely as he lowered himself and felt the thick prick fuck into the depths of his ass guts. "Fuck me!"

The prone black man was already thrusting upward with his hips to complete the penetration and begin fucking the hot ass that had seemingly descended out of nowhere onto his cock.

Grant realized that they weren't the only patrons of the tubs that night who were using this orgy room. Nearby, one young-man had his face buried in another one's crotch and was greedily feasting on his prick. On another area of the mattresses, two guys were really getting it on together as Grant, fucking up and down on his black stallion's ruthless prick, watched.

"Let me suck your balls," the darker-skinned of the pair moaned.

He cupped his blond partner's heavy balls in the palm of his hand as he lowered his disheveled dark head between his trick's spread thighs and kissed his big balls passionately. Then he carefully sucked one ball inside his mouth before opening his drooling lips wider to make room for its companion. The blond spread his legs wider, groaning as the dark guy dipped his head still lower and sucked both of his balls into his hot mouth. The blonde arched his spine, threw his head back, and plunged his fingers into his ball-sucker's black mane to force him to work on those sensitive balls some more.

He pushed the kneeling man's face tight against his crotch and commanded him in a harsh, strained voice: "Eat my hot balls lick 'em suck on 'em play with 'em, get your fucking tongue around my balls and suck 'em!

Hard!"

The husky black-haired guy obeyed eagerly, sucking on the other young man's balls, moving his head rapidly up and down, tugging at the blond's balls with compressed lips, letting those big, weighty balls slip in and out of his mouth so that he could blow his warm moist breath over them, tickling the deep pit of the blond's asshole with his fingers and wrapping one hand around the base of the guy's hard cock in a tight fist to rub the sticky head of it against his swollen cheek from time to time.

Finally he let the blond's balls pop out of his slavering mouth as he lowered his head more to lick greedily at the guy's lightly furred thighs, his own dark head nestling snugly up beneath the blond's balls.

Grant, still impaled on the black dude's powerful prick and loving every second of their wild fuck, found it extremely exciting to watch the others. Then the black-haired number bent the enormous shaft of his trick's cock down so that he could kiss it on the head. The cock tip was slick with dribbled jism and the guy, tasting it on his tongue, moaned happily. He drooled some of his saliva over the cockhead to wet it more thoroughly, then took the huge prick right into his mouth, all of it at once, recklessly, making the blond grunt in surprise and jerk his body up and down on the mattress as his fuck tool slid effortlessly down into the kneeling stud's hungry throat and was massaged expertly by the muscles there.

His sudden, frantic humping movements only drove his cock deeper down the cock-sucker's receptive throat! The big guy's lips fitted snugly around the blond's cockshaft, slipping down it as far as they could reach, the pulsating head of the prick coming to test deep in his throat. The cocksucker closed his eyes in sheer ecstasy and got used to the tickling sensation in his plugged throat, suppressing his instinctive urge to gag and choke with a strong, visible effort that shook his powerful physique from head to foot.

He coughed to clear his cock-crammed throat, then squeezed the blonde's balls as he really began to attack his thick cock, moving his head, his sucking lips rapidly up and down, bringing his tongue and teeth into play on the cockshaft. By now the blond guy was shuddering violently.

Grant was so engrossed in watching their oral passion that he momentarily forgot all about his own sex partners, active though they were, until a violent movement behind him reminded him forcefully of their presence.

The hairy number in the rear moaned: "I'm coming!" And, seconds later, everybody was coming.

Grant quickly pulled himself off the black guy and grabbed his towel, leaving the orgy room with only one backward glance that told him the other groups of men in the room were still at it, hot and heavy and intoxicated with the thrill of unashamed group sex. An appreciative audience of five or six masturbating men had gathered around the mattresses to watch all the fucking.

Grant visited one of the johns to wipe himself with a handful of toilet tissue, then decided that a few minutes' rest in the sauna would feel good before he showered. He made his way to the steam room. It was getting late and business was definitely picking up, and the halls were crowded with more men in towels, all cruising each other enthusiastically. Now Grant could hear more and different sex-sounds as he passed the rows of enclosed compartments: faint moans louder cries of orgasmic ecstasy, the creaking of bed springs, the slap of bodies banging together, the slurping sounds of frenzied cock-sucking, the squish of lubricant as hard cocks were fucked in and out of tight, willing assholes. Someone came nearby, letting out a series of high-pitched squeals and gasps interspersed with lewd talk.

"I'm coming I'm coning again! Oh, ram it in me, fucker! Let me have that big thing let me have all of it every inch of that stud prick up my ass make me come again!"

Grant shivered with excitement. He'd already had enough fucking to tire most guys his age out, but now, listening to the activity in those rooms, he felt himself getting horny all over again. It was incredible!

He gasped as he pushed open the wooden door of the steam room and stepped inside, immediately enveloping himself in a cloud of hot vapor that limited visibility. The door swung closed behind him and Grant groped his way toward a wooden bench. Inside, it was unreal like being

instantaneously transported to another planet. A tropical planet. The heat was intense and although there were several red light bulbs in ceiling sockets, there was so much thick steam hovering in the air that the light could do little except suffuse the vapor with a dim reddish glow. Grant could barely make out his hand in front of his face as he inched his way across the slatted floor and found a seat at last. He sat down, breathing hard, filling his lungs with the hot moist air. He hadn't taken off his towel, and his body was wet all over from sweat, gleaming like damp, polished ivory in that faint red light. He took the towel from his waist and sat there naked, using it to mop the sweat from his face and chest as he got used to the heat and humidity. After a while the steam began to feel good as it enveloped his body and opened his pores and relaxed his tired muscles.

Now, he noticed breathing across the room and then a dark, bulky figure loomed up out of the hot mist in front of him. Next, two strong hands were resting on Grant's hips and caressing his thighs lightly. Grant was in luck, for the guy who'd approached him was young and well built that was about all Grant could make out in the gloom, but it was enough. He responded boldly to the other young man's advances, stroking his hip and grasping his heavy, partially hard cock. The heat in the room was enough to keep most guys from getting, or keeping, a full hard-on while they were there. This guy might be an exception. Grant felt rather than saw his thickly muscular body, with sonic telltale softness only around the belly and waist the kind of solid physique that was clearly the result of work with weights or some equally strenuous activity. Long dark hair, wet and tangled with sweat, fell heavily over then bodybuilder's broad, rounded shoulders, and he had a bushy walrus mustache that drooped at the corners. From what Grant could see and feel of his face, it was pleasant and virile, if not conventionally handsome.

At any rate, Grant was more interested in the stud's hard, hairy body and rapidly growing cock. He ran his hand from the shoulders over the brawny chest, pausing for an instant over the stiff-standing nipples, then quickly dropped his hands back to the young man's crotch, grasping the huge prick he found there. It was enormous a thick, curved length of solid cockmeat the size of a fire hose, with a curiously, almost mushroom-shaped head that was sheathed in dark foreskin but poking eagerly from its retracting folds.

Grant sighed with undisguised pleasure as he moved in closer to press his own nude body against that of the long haired weightlifter, so that the guy's monster cockhead rubbed over Grant's belly as he stroked it with both hands. A prominent, blood-filled vein twitched beneath his fingers, and the entire thick cock shaft was slippery with sweat. A drop of clear pre-come was gleaming at the guy's piss slit. This was going to be the sort of hard, fast, no-nonsense erotic encounter that would revive even Grant's flagging libido and fast!

He heard faint sounds elsewhere in the sauna was vaguely aware of other naked sprawled on other wooden benches in the hot, foggy room knew that other men were in the steam room, having sex in various combinations. But Grant wasn't interested. He had plenty to keep him busy right in front of him. The long-haired stud was now kissing him, their panting mouths crushing together wetly as their tongues darted toward each other and rolled together, each guy exploring the interior of the other's mouth. At last the bodybuilder's hands gripped Grant by his waist and pulled him flat out on the bench. The two young men stretched out next to each other and embraced and kissed with growing urgency.

It all happened very quickly there in the heat and humidity. Any inhibitions either man had brought with him evaporated the moment he felt the other's hands on his cock and balls. The weightlifter rolled on top of Grant, twisting his hard-muscled frame so that they were able to keep on necking, their torsos tightly jammed together in sweaty, intimate contact, their mouths seeking each other, hands brushing wet hair, cocks rubbing together and only arousing them more.

Moaning, the guy on top broke their kiss and buried his head in Grant's crotch. The young hard hat took the long dark locks of hair in his hands and spread them luxuriantly over his lap, enjoying the way the wet hair caressed his hot, damp flesh as he felt his partner swallowing up his turgid cockmeat and beginning to deep throat it lustily. Grant gasped as the other stud blew him expertly, sliding warm wet lips quickly up and down on Grant's cock shaft, jabbing the huge rounded head of the prick into his throat with reckless abandon on each gulping downstroke. The long-haired stud gagged repeatedly as he tried to take too much hard cock too fast, but he just

wouldn't give up as his mouth pumped up and down on Grant's hot cock rod. Grant had to bite his lower lip to keep from screaming out how good it felt!

Still working hard on Grant's cock, the bodybuilder shifted his position on the bench a bit, placed his hands on Grant's broad shoulders and pulled him down toward his own crotch, grunting as he sucked and sucked.

Grant knew that he was being asked to reciprocate, so he hastily stretched himself below his new friend and let the stud sprawl atop his body in a tight, feverish sixty-nine. As a hot, wet, lapping tongue was added to the other stimulation's on his prick, Grant seized the guy's huge fuck tool and bent it down hurting the guy a little so that he could stuff the blunt cockhead into his mouth. He realized at once that there was almost too much juicy cockmeat dangling there for him to handle. He kept one hand wrapped around the bottom half of the cock shaft, milking it roughly and proceeded to suck the hell out of the rest.

To compensate for his inability to go down on the hung guy all the way, Grant thrust the fingers of his free hand between the stud's deep, parted ass checks. His sphincter had been relaxed by the heat and steam, and his moist ass ring yielded readily to Grant's fingers. He was easily able to thrust the tips of all four fingers inside the guy's asshole and work them around the squirmily responsive interior, finger-fucking that butch ass ruthlessly, digging his fingers into the super-sensitive flesh and exerting a fierce friction.

It drove the long-haired stud wild! He humped his lower body furiously to increase the friction of his cock against Grant's lips and fist, his big, bull-like balls loosened within their hairy bag by the heat and humidity bouncing against Grant's puffed-out cheeks and the heel of his hand.

Grunting savagely which created a weirdly arousing humming sensation all around Grant's cock the guy thrust both hands beneath Grant's body and, pulling the construction worker's ass cheeks open, began to molest his asshole in retaliation for the finger-fucking Grant was giving him. Grant only increased his own exertions, so that it wasn't long before both men, their hard young bodies soaked and glowing with sweat in the rosy light,

exploded jism into each other's ravenous mouths and poured out their come-loads into each other's throat.

For one awful moment Grant actually feared he was going to have a heat stroke as he came, his overheated flesh going into the wild, uncontrollable spasms of violent orgasm. He held his breath as his own blasts of fiery come were answered by a salvo of salty-tasting jism inside his own mouth. Both guys' athletic young limbs convulsed and intertwined in exultant reaction as they gushed their come down each other's thirsty throats. Both came close to fainting from exhaustion and the fierce heat as they shot their thick come again and again and rolled about on the narrow bench in a warm pool of their mingled sweat.

"I'd love to fuck you," the long-haired bodybuilder whispered urgently into Grant's ear as they lay beside each other afterward, panting. "Or have you fuck me!"

Grant pressed his lips first to the other's guy's thigh, then to his softening cock. "Me, too. But not in here! I'm dying in here."

He kissed the weightlifter on the mouth again for a few seconds, caressing him with his hands, then got shakily to his feet and grabbed his damp towel before stumbling out of the steam room.

God! How great it felt to be out of that hot box and in the corridor that seemed almost chilly by comparison! Grant leaned against the wall to rest for a moment, wiping the hot sweat from his body and feeling his heartbeat slow gradually back to normal. In a moment, his bodybuilder trick emerged from the sauna, naked, dripping sweat from every pore.

"I see you survived," the guy said, grinning.

"Barely."

"Would you like to go to my room with me and get high? I've got some good grass."

Grant examined him carefully. He looked even better out here in the light that he'd felt in the darkness of the steam room. The guy was about own age, and built like the proverbial brick shit house. Even his fingers looked as though they had muscles in them from pumping iron religiously.

He had his towel in his hand, and was flaunting that beautifully proportioned hard-on of his for everyone to see and admire. Grant suddenly felt a hot desire to suck his cock again. There were other attractive guys in the corridor, but Grant decided that he wasn't likely to do better than this one. Besides, he was getting tired, and whatever they did in the weightlifter's room would doubt be his last erotic encounter of the night.

"I'm pretty well fucked out," Grant admitted frankly. "But yeah, I'd like to smoke with you. And I promised you a fuck. You want to plug my butt for me, it's yours. Beyond that I can't promise much it's been a busy night!"

"It sure has," the long-haired guy agreed, laughing. "Come on."

He showed Grant the way to his cubicle and locked the door after them.

Grant stretched out comfortably on the narrow bed. The bodybuilder's magnificent physique glowed in the warm red light cast by the tinted bulb as he turned toward Grant and sat down beside him on the bed, his hands already reaching out to explore and arouse. His cock stuck almost straight up from between his solid-muscled legs. Grant watched, fascinated, as a single pearly drop of fluid oozed from between the pouting lips of the cock-mouth and, catching the ruby light, slid slowly, wetly down the shaft of the cock. Choking back a moan of hunger, Grant thrust his head into the guy's crotch and darted his tongue out of his mouth to catch that drop of pre-come and lick it up, running his tongue-tip slowly back up the entire length of that huge hard prick to lap up every trace of the dribbled fluid. He felt his husky trick tremble as he drilled his tongue into the piss slit and, opening his mouth wide, went down on him completely and began to suck.

After blowing the stud for several minutes, Grant could feel his own asshole twitching with horniness, almost in sync with the potent throb of the cock in his mouth. He pulled his mouth off the saliva-dripping prick and rolled over onto his back and let the other man straddle his body, grasping Grant's legs

and hoisting them up and over his massive shoulders. Grant saw that the bodybuilder had an open jar of Vaseline on the table beside the bed. He scooped some of the petroleum jelly up with his fingertips and applied it sparingly to the huge cock that rose up next to his own sparingly, because he wanted to really feel that cock fucking in and out of his ass, fucking him to the very core of his being.

Then he shoved two greased fingertips inside his asshole and worked them around to lubricate it thoroughly.

The young bodybuilder lifted Grant's legs higher on his shoulders as he bent his rugged body forward. He grasped his greased cock in his fist and bent it down to position the cockhead between Grant's inviting ass cheeks.

"Ready?" he asked softly.

"Hell, yes!" Grant said. "Stick that mother in me!"

"Here goes."

"Oh, God! Oh man!" Grant cried as the other guy pressed his cock into the crack of his ass.

The thick, blunt head of his lightly lubricated fuck tool touched Grant's asshole and round into it, hard. Hard enough to penetrate the ring of tight muscle, which resisted for only a second before it began to stretch, molding itself around the bulky cock-knob that was being eased deeper and deeper into Grant's yielding fuck hole.

"Oh, yeah! Yeah! Shove it all in me quick! All of it, man, I can take it hurry!" Grant shrieked. He humped his ass wildly upward to help the bodybuilder's urgent fuck-thrusts, heedless of the discomfort this violent penetration cost him at first. "More! More! All of it, fucker!"

Fuck that ass of mine, hard! Fuck it, stud! Stick your cock in me and fuck that ass of mine shit less!"

He sobbed and quivered with the effort he had to make to endure the cock that had invaded him, that had filled his tender, already well fucked asshole and was driving him frantic with mindless, raw, demanding sexual need.

"Fuck me!" Grant begged again. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

CHAPTER THREE

Grant awoke with a start to discover himself lying naked in a strange bed with a single cotton sheet thrown over the lower half of his body, and bright sunlight streaming across his face from a nearby window. There was a warm, naked body next to his in the bed, pressed snugly against him. It was the hot bodybuilder from the night before, who had one muscular arm thrown over Grant's chest and neck, hugging him. The guy's thick hair streamed over Grant's bare chest, the silky texture of the hair caressed him lightly as the bodybuilder stirred in his sleep and sighed. Grant waited for a few moments until he was fully awake and he'd had a chance to examine his surroundings in detail, noting that the furniture in the bedroom, though inexpensive, had been skillfully refinished and was in good taste. Then, gently, he shook his companion awake. The bodybuilder's eyes opened sleepily.

"Hi," Grant said.

All he got in response at first was a yawn. Then: "Hi, yourself."

"I assume this is your place. Only I don't remember how I got here."

The long-haired stud yawned again, then laughed as he stretched. "We fucked ourselves out in my room at the baths, and then I suggested that you come spend the night at my place so you wouldn't have to drive all the way home in your exhausted condition. And we talked about doing something together today and tonight. Only I made the mistake of offering you a drink before we hit the sack. You passed out and I put you to bed.

Then I got undressed and must've passed out on top of you. We were

[missing text]. But I had a good time. Hope you did, too. How about a kiss?"

Their lips met, gently at first, then with increasing pressure, as Grant's tongue forced the other guy's lips apart and plunged eagerly between them

to explore the warm interior of his mouth. Moaning, they deep-kissed passionately for a few minutes, embracing on the bed, their hands busy on each other's body. The bodybuilder broke the kiss as he groped for Grant's cock, found it and began to stroke the limp length of cockmeat into hardness.

"I don't even know your name, man," Grant whispered, running a hand through his new friend's silky hair. "It seems kind of impolite to be taking advantage of your hospitality like this without even being introduced."

"Yeah, we were too busy last night to get around to exchanging names," the weightlifter laughed. "I'm Kevin."

"Grant."

"Pleased to meet you."

The muscleman swooped down under the crumpled sheet and put his mouth around the head of Grant's cock. He pushed his head down to drive the test of the cock shaft between his lips, and began to suck. Grant groaned, leaned back against the pillows and spread his legs. He could feel his prick getting hard as Kevin worked on him eagerly, his lips and tongue moving along Grant's rapidly swelling prickmeat.

"I don't know if I can keep it up, after all we did last night," Grant protested weakly. But his prick belied his fears by stiffening so rapidly that Kevin had to pull his lips back up the thick cock shaft to keep from gagging as it got harder and harder inside his mouth.

"Ummmmmm!" Kevin grunted as he struggled to go back down on the thickening prick.

Grant thrust his fingers into Kevin's disheveled mane and pushed his head farther down on his prick as the sucking rhythm was quickly set, sending shivers of icy arousal through Grant's body. His saliva-bathed cock was being caressed by those skilled lips and that hot, wormlike tongue. Grant flung his head back on the mattress and continued to stroke Kevin's hair and puffed-out cheeks with his hands.

"Oh Kevin, fucker suck it, stud! Suck it for me! Get my cock good and hard again, suck me off! Suck on that hot meat eat it, you horny cocksucker! Jesus Christ! You're so good... you're good at it... nobody can blow like you can. It's too much, man too fucking much! But don't stop!

Don't fucking stop now! Do it harder, lick me, rub my cock with your tongue! Really blow me now! Oh yeah! Do it just like that, I'm getting off on it! Keep doing that to me, oh God yes, oh slit, suck it Kevin!

Suck my Goddamn prick! Get your hot fucking tongue down around the base and lick it from there all the way up to the fucking head! Suck my mother-fucking prick for me! Suck! Suck! Suck! Oh yeah too much ahhhhh!"

Grant lost all control, could no longer frame coherent thoughts, could no longer make his lips obey him to express them in words. Only grunts and shrieks of wild arousal escaped him as his body shuddered beneath Kevin's. He fucked his hard cock in and out of the young bodybuilder's gaping slurping mouth with mindless, animalistic abandon, Kevin slid his arms around Grant's thighs and gripped them firmly as he held on for dear life, his head bobbing up and down to match Grant's furious humping motions. Kevin caressed the taut cheeks that squirmed beneath his weight, parted them with his hands, worked a finger through Grant's contracted sphincter and buried it deep inside that hot, resisting asshole, up to the knuckle. Grant let out a scream of lust as this added stimulation lashed his passions still higher. A second blunt finger was wedged up into his ass and he choked as the burning, searing desire to be fucked blazed up around his asshole again. It felt so good it almost frightened him. He was afraid he might die from the sheer intensity of this erotic pleasure.

Still sucking Grant, Kevin began to work his fingers around inside his asshole. Grant's powerful body jerked fitfully as Kevin stretched open his tight ass ring, then began to fuck his fingers in and out. Grant's ass muscles clamped down around his fingers, squeezing them as Kevin inserted both fingers to the last knuckles and began to fuck them slowly in and out. Grant's cock swelled inside Kevin's mouth, throbbing violently with each thrust of the fingers into his ass. Kevin only pushed harder as his mouth clamped on Grant's cock shaft, and Grant heard him gasp deep in his throat.

He worked the two raping fingers higher, drilling them roughly around as he fucked them in as far as they would go and held them in place while Grant's ass ring tightened around them, squeezing them as he clenched and unclenched his ass cheeks.

Suddenly Kevin released his partner's cock and lifted himself up, swinging his body higher to fall into Grant's arms. He kissed him hard on the mouth, his tongue driving deeply into the other guy's throat. His legs were twitching against Grant's, his belly grinding in circles over the other guy's cock, his fingers still stuck up his ass.

"Do you like to?" Kevin panted, his breath hot in Grant's ear.

"What?"

"Get fucked!"

Grant nodded his head against him. "Sure. YOU know I do! Do you want to fuck me?"

"If you want me to, man."

"Yeah!" Grant gasped. "I do! Jesus, I do! Go ahead and fuck me, big guy!"

Shove that prick of yours up my ass!"

Kevin pulled his hand from between Grant's ass cheeks, threw his arms around him, hugging him tightly to his chest as they kissed lustfully yet again. Kevin started to twist away and reach for the jar of lubricant he kept next to the bed. But Grant, spotting it, pushed him back down flat on the mattress.

"No, stay like you are," he said. "Let me do it."

Stretched out flat on his back that way, Kevin couldn't see what Grant was doing, but he heard the quick metallic scrape of the jar being opened and felt Grant burrowing between his legs. He jumped in surprise as Grant sucked his balls deeply into his mouth, washing them from cheek to cheek and exciting Kevin's cock until it was jumping fitfully up and down from

his belly. Then, slipping the balls from his mouth, Grant ran the flat of his tongue up Kevin's cock shaft to its tip and quickly brought it into his mouth. Kevin was surprised for a moment, wondering if Grant intended to suck him off instead of taking him up the ass after all. But then he felt Grant's hand beginning to smear the slippery lubricant around the base of his prick, working it steadily up the prick shaft until the slick feeling of his mouth on the cockhead was replaced by the even more intense sensation of his greased fingers rubbing over it.

Grant's other hand dug into the jar and brought a second large glob of the lubricant to Kevin's cock. He spread it over every inch of the prick, until it glistened with the slippery film. Then he smeared what was left on his fingers between his ass cheeks and over his whole and swung himself up on either side of Kevin's hips. He lifted Kevin's cock up until the cock tip grazed his open asshole.

"Ready?" Grant whispered.

Kevin nodded his head, then quickly raised up so he could kiss him as he began to settle back onto his prick. Their mouths met and their kiss became frantic as Grant lowered himself. He winced sharply as thick head of the other guy's cock forced its way into his asshole, but once the cock was in he pushed himself steadily down on it, impaling himself until his ass was resting on Kevin's thighs and every inch of the bodybuilder's solid prick was fucked up his ass.

The feeling of Grant's hot, tight asshole squeezing his prick from every side made Kevin's cock swell even bigger inside him. Kevin gripped Grant's waist and drove his hips up from the bed, but Grant cried out hoarsely and lifted half off him.

"Wait!" Grant rasped. "Wait a minute! Jesus! Please! You're big, man!

Really big!"

"I-I'm sorry."

"No," Grant laughed breathlessly, "don't be sorry, be grateful! It feels fantastic! Just give me a minute to get used to it, that's all! Okay, stud?" then groaned, half in pleasure, half in discomfort, as he tried to relax his asshole around the huge cock. Kevin slid his hands up from Grant's waist to his smooth belly and then up the ribbed muscles of his chest to his pecs. He took one of the dark-brown nipples in each hand and began to squeeze them between his thumbs and forefingers until they hardened and pushed out like pencil nubs. Grant liked how big his tits played with, and he threw his head back and rolled it from side to side, making sharp hissing sounds of intense pleasure through his drenched teeth.

"Feel good?" Kevin asked.

"Yesssss!" Grant whispered fiercely. "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Still pinching his tits, Kevin slowly arched his hips from the bed a second time, fucking his prick all the way into his ass again. This time Grant could take it this time, he wanted it. Clamping his inner ass muscles around the cock, he pressed his weight down until Kevin's legs were flat on the bed, then began to ride Kevin's cock with slow, sensual fuck-strokes.

"Oh, shit!" Grant moaned. "Shit! It's so good, man! It's so good to have that big fat cock of yours rammed up my hot ass, fucking the hell out of me like this! Fuck me, fuck me! I like it! I want it! I want you to fuck my ass for me hard! Oh, God give me your cock! Give it to me! Fuck me!

Fuck me!"

Encouraged by his moans, Kevin began to lunge up to meet him, fucking his prick in and out of his ass with faster and rougher shoves.

"Yes!" Grant howled. "Fuck me! Christ, fuck me!"

Kevin let go of Grant's nipples and caught his waist again, holding him tightly as he arched high from the bed, fucking into big ass guts with such solid force that Grant gasped until he nearly choked.

"It's good, man! It's damn good! Oh, hell! It's so damn good!" Grant moaned. His belly bucked out with each driving lunge of Kevin's cock. His arms quivered as he braced himself on the bed. His head was thrown far back, and he was gurgling with incoherent sobs and whimpers of pleasure.

"Wait! Let me get on my back. I want you to really fuck me, man!"

Kevin started to pull out of him to change position, but Grant sat down hard on his cock and squeezed his asshole tightly around it.

"No!" Grant whimpered. "Don't take it out of me, fucker! Not even for a second! Just hold onto me, and I'll lie back. Keep your cock in me."

Kevin sat up and put his arms around Grant's waist. Slowly, tightening his ass around the prick shaft to make sure it wouldn't accidentally slip out. Grant leaned back until he was prone on the mattress. Kevin was now on top of him. Grant's legs locked around Kevin's back, his heels pushing down on his ass to drive his cock deeper. Kevin stretched his legs out behind himself and rose up above Grant, bracing both hands on the bed to give himself leverage. He was locked between the other man's thighs, his cock throbbing deep inside his ass.

"Now!" Grant cried. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck that big cock into me now!"

Kevin reared back and lunged down on him with such force that his balls hurt as they slapped against Grant's ass. His cock seemed to fuck straight into Grant's stomach, inches deeper than it had been able to penetrate in the other position.

"Yes!" Grant cried. "God, yes! That's the way! That's the way I want you to fuck me, man! Fuck me! Oh, Christ! Please! Fuck me, just like that, fuck me hard and fast and rough! Fuck my ass for me, stud! Fuck it! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Again and again and again, Kevin fucked into him, his prick quivering harder with each fresh assault on Grant's ass. It was like fucking his prick into a tub of warm butter. Grant's ass guts felt so soft and smooth around his cock, so slippery each time Kevin fucked in and out, that he found himself

trembling on the verge of a violent climax before he'd completed half a dozen fuck-strokes into that hot, horny utterly masculine ass that the other guy was so eagerly opening to him.

Kevin's eyes clenched tightly shut, his mind concentrating on nothing but the incredibly satisfying sensations burning tip and down his cock as he fucked, Kevin fucked into Grant again and again, exulting in his possession of the stud's body. Grant's cries of pleasure drove Kevin on, stirred him to plunge faster and fuck even deeper with each new lunge into his ass.

Kevin was giving himself to Grant. Through his cock, he was completely entering into the other man, uniting himself with him and joining body to body in the fierce, savage intimacy of sex. It was more than just another sex act, thought. Kevin had fucked any number of guys, but with few of them had there been quite this intensity of feeling. With each lunge of his prick, he felt more and more of himself going into Grant.

He also felt Grant's hand beating against his stomach as Grant jerked himself off. Grant's handsome face was twisted with wild desire, his whole body striving to take Kevin's cock and melt around it into a single orgasmic entity. Grant wanted it to go on forever, and Kevin wished that were possible, too to be a part of him, in him, fucking him like this forever. But he knew, from the sharp, almost painful tingling pressure in his cock that came from holding back even this long that he couldn't last much longer without shooting his hot come all over the place.

"I'm going to come!" Kevin gasped.

Grant's eyes flew open and his free hand reached out to grab Kevin behind the neck and pull his mouth down to his. "Yeah!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Come! Come, fucker! Come in me, come in my ass! Come! Come!"

Their mouths met in a furious, bruising kiss and only an instant later Kevin felt the hot splash of Grant's jism shooting up against his belly.

He fucked down into Grant's asshole and held his cock deep in his spasming ass guts as he, too, shot his come-load in wave upon wave of wet, molten

lust.

They lay locked in each other's arms for several minutes after they'd stopped coming, still kissing, Grant's legs still wrapped around Kevin, whose prick was still stuck deep inside him. Then, letting his legs fall limply back to the bed, Grant breathed out a long sigh of satisfaction and eased the other guy's weight off him.

"That was something," he groaned.

"Yeah," Kevin agreed.

Words seemed so inadequate to express the intensity of such a sexual experience that Kevin didn't even try to elaborate as he reached for Grant's arm to pull him back closer. He ran his hand lightly down Grant's sweaty back, looking down at the thick pools of Grant's jism splattered across both men's chests and bellies.

They got out of bed slowly, lazily, and went into Kevin's bathroom. Grant got into the shower first and began scrubbing himself vigorously all over, smiling at Kevin as the stud watched him with undisguised admiration and desire. Finally Kevin pushed back the shower curtain and got in beside him. He pulled Grant against him, his skin wet and slippery from the soap and water, and put his arms around him. Their mouths met yet again in a long, hard, passionate kiss under the spray.

CHAPTER FOUR

Grant spent the day with Kevin. After breakfast or rather lunch, for it was well past noon when they'd awakened, and even later after they'd had enough of each other's body and cock for the time being the two young men drove to the beach and sunned themselves. Later, they went out to dinner together and, to kill time until the bars got crowded, to a movie.

"It's Saturday night, so everybody will be out on the prowl," Kevin pointed out. "I know a leather bar that just opened a couple of weeks ago the Spur. Have you been there yet?"

"No. Is it rough?"

"As rough as you want it plenty of guys to choose from. Want to go check it out?"

"Sure. Are you into S and M?" Grant asked.

"Not really. I like to be dominated sometimes but the real heavy shit...

bondage, getting fist-fucked, pissed on... that's out. If you meet anybody you like, go home with him. Don't feel you have to stay with me.

A three-way could be fun, though if we find the right kind of stud."

"Yeah, let's look for him."

A short while later, they were standing in the crowded, gloomy leather bar, sipping their beers, cruising and being cruised by the decidedly rough, macho crowd that hung out there. As they chatted and looked around, there was a sudden stirring of interest in the room. The cause, Grant saw, was a tall and well-built man, obviously classically handsome despite the fact that part of his face was hidden behind dark glasses. He was walking along the bar, his body reined, his face expressionless.

Kevin whispered into his companion's ear. "You know who that is, don't you?"

"No," Grant admitted.

"That's Robert Carr."

"Am I supposed to be impressed? Who's Robert Carr?"

"Are you kidding? He's this season's big beefcake star on TV. Every Thursday night at nine. Don't you watch his show? You must be the only gay man in America who doesn't!"

"I may have seen it once or twice."

"It's pretty daring of him to come into a place like this," Kevin said quietly. "If the network found out! I mean, lots of people know he's gay, but on the tube he's strictly a macho superstud. Oh, Jesus, Grant I think he's looking at you. Cruising you!"

Grant glanced across the bar casually. Maybe the macho superstud of the boob tube was watching him, but with those dark glasses of his it was hard to tell. One thing was for sure, though: everybody else in the Spur was gaping at Robert Carr. Grant realized that a sexy celebrity like Carr would be able to pick and choose. Even the toughest-looking, most aloof leather types in this bar would line up for the privilege of being fucked by him, given the chance.

One of the Spur's bare-chested young waiters appeared in front of them, balancing two new bottles of beer on his tray. "Mr. Robert Carr sent these over to you men with his compliments," he explained in a tactfully low voice. "And you should see the size of the tip he gave me, to say nothing of the size of his prick! Go for it, you lucky bastard!"

They accepted the beers and raised them, nodding their thanks to Carr, who leaned against the bar watching them with a slight smile on his lips.

"He wants to make, it with either or both of us," Kevin said excitedly.

"I'm so excited, I won't be able to swallow any of this! Or if I do I'll piss my fucking pants for sure! I never thought I'd be a star-fucker, but if that stud wants me, he can have me... in any Goddamn position he prefers. He can fuck me right here in the bar in front of all these other guys if he wants to!"

Grant laughed. "I suppose we ought to go over and say thanks, if you think you can control yourself. Stay cool. Let him make the first move, he'll appreciate you that much more. Just because he's famous and good looking, and probably well hung and rich too, doesn't mean he can have me by just snapping his fingers."

"Oh, yeah? Well, he can have me without snapping his fingers anytime!"

They threaded their way through the crowd and stopped in front of Robert Carr. Up close, Grant saw what the waiter had meant. Carr's thick-looking prick was stuffed blatantly down one leg of his very tight black leather pants, which must have been custom made to fit his muscular body that snugly.

"Thanks for the beers," Grant said coolly but provocatively.

They exchanged names and handshakes.

The actor said: "Call me Bob," with a casual but rather insolent grin as he sized both men up.

Grant was doing some staring of his own. He decided that Carr was even better looking close up. He had a good, obviously pampered body and fine blond hair framing an extremely handsome, bony face that glowed with a deep suntan that looked as though it had been helped along with sunlamp and bronzing gels. As they chatted mostly about how much Kevin enjoyed Carr's TV show Grant found himself getting excited about the possibility of fucking with Carr. Grant was attracted to the guy, if not overwhelmed.

Kevin, however, was fascinated and Carr's for the fucking.

"Listen, guys for obvious reasons, I don't like to hang around in a bar all night. How'd you like to go to my place and smoke some grass?" Carr asked

in his deep, mellow, well-trained actors voice.

Grant answered for both of them: "Sure, why not?"

"Good, let's go," Carr said. "By the way are you two lovers or anything?"

I mean, would I be breaking up anything if I put the make on both of you?"
He grinned.

"We just met last night," Kevin volunteered. "At the tubs," Grant added.

"How nice," Carr said, "came on, then." Grant and Kevin followed Carr in Kevin's car, keeping up with the television star's speeding Jaguar as best as they could. Carr led them away from the city and up into the hills where the newer mansions stood, discreetly fucked away behind high walls and acres of landscaping. A gate in a masonry wall opened silently for the Jaguar, and Kevin followed it inside. They parked in front of a sprawling home that looked like several glass boxes cantilevered on top of each other. One box was suspended over an Olympic-sized pool, the lights inside the box reflected by the sparkling bluish green water. The two young men followed Carr inside the house and discovered that the glass box over the pool was his living room, furnished in chrome and leather and dark wood. It was all expensively masculine, but Grant didn't find the atmosphere particularly homey. Carr was mixing them drinks in huge crystal glasses at his bar.

"Hope you guys like scotch." He passed out the drinks and settled down in an overstuffed chair, propping his booted feet up on a glass table covered with crystal obelisks and porcelain eggs. As he settled into the chair his black leather jacket crackled. Carr rolled three joints and passed two to Grant and Kevin. "This way, you don't have to waste time passing the same one back and forth."

They sat there in silence, smoking and sipping scotch for several minutes after Carr exhaled a cloud of blue pot smoke and asked: "What do you guys like to do in the way of sex?"

"Oh just about anything," Kevin said eagerly.

"No rough S and M stuff for me," Grant corrected him. "It's not my scene."

"I sort of dig the light leather stuff," Kevin admitted shyly.

For the first time since they'd met in the bar, Carr took off his dark glasses, leaned forward in his chair, and fixed startingly green eyes on Kevin.

"So you'd do anything as long as it's light," he said, with a hint of a sneer. "I bet you've been around, kid!"

"Some," Kevin muttered, shrugging.

"A lot," Carr said, with a grin that Grant thought looked almost evil. "I got your number, kid, the minute I laid eyes on you in the bar... I like your body, Kevin. Bodybuilder types really turn me on."

"Thank you."

"How'd you like to be my fucking sex slave tonight in a light way, of course?"

Kevin was breathing hard. He licked his lips to moisten them before answering. "Okay. Sure. As long as Grant's here to, make sure we don't get into anything too heavy or way-out."

Carr laughed, then got up and walked over to where Kevin sat, halting in a legs-spread stance directly in front of him. Slowly, almost bumping Kevin's nose with the back of his hand, Carr reached down and unzipped his fly. Then, as Kevin watched, fascinated, Carr fished out his long, juicy, golden-tanned piece of cockmeat. It brushed against, the young weightlifter's face and hung there against the leg of Carr's leather pants, only inches from Kevin's mouth. Carr gazed down at Kevin with green eyes that suddenly looked cold and then, in a quiet, sinister voice of command that sent chills down Grant's spine, the actor said: "Eat cock, slave."

"Yes yes, sir."

And Kevin leaned forward a few inches, licking the head of Carr's cock with his tongue and then sucking it deep into his mouth. He fed more of the

limp prick between his lips and began to suck it passionately. Carr quickly sprang a hard-on. Within seconds he was working his hips to drive a thick length of rock-hard cock shaft in and out of Kevin's loudly sucking lips. Grant was just a little turned off by this sadomasochistic exhibition, and he wondered how Carr had guessed that Kevin had such a passive streak in him. Grant had certainly not noticed anything at all masochistic about the big long-haired stud. Kevin sucked and sucked, hungrily, almost desperately, as though famished for cockmeat.

Carr undid his clinking belt loops of his pants, pushing the pants down his hard-muscled, golden-bronze thighs. His ass was tanned the same glowing shade as the rest of his body. He evidently sunned himself completely nude.

"Eat balls, slave," he hissed.

"Yes, sir!"

Grant watched Kevin pull his mouth off Carr's cock and strain his face forward to get down between the actor's legs. Grant saw Kevin's pink tongue slide out and lick the big hairy ball-sac. Then, with a visible effort, Kevin twisted his head and opened his mouth wide enough to stuff both balls inside. He began to suck on them greedily, making loud slurping noises.

"That's right, slave," Carr purred, stroking Kevin's long disheveled hair with his hands. "Eat my balls. And eat crotch. Smell my crotch. Smell it!

Eat under my balls, lick the muscle there. Lick the sweat away. Harder!

Harder! Sniff it. Get your fucking slave face under there and lick and sniff. Smell a man's, ass."

Grant thought that this particular kind of sex scene was rather reclusive, but he saw how hard Kevin's cock was in his pants. From the way Kevin went at it, Carr's stiffening prick now slapping against his face as he ate down below it, Grant knew that the young body builder was getting turned on his by submissive role.

Carr backed away, his big cock, now almost fully hard, swaying in front of his crotch.

"Undress, slave," he said, with quiet authority. "Strip it all off. I want you bare-assed so I Carr mark your slave body up a little. Then undress me, too everything except my jacket and my boots. You're going to kiss those boots, slave. You're going to get down on your knees and lick that leather until it shines like a fucking mirror."

"Yes, sir!"

"I'm going to fuck you like you've never been fucked, slave," Carr promised coldly. "Would you like that?" Kevin only grunted his assent as he ate harder at the swollen prick the actor once again offered his mouth. "But first, get down on your knees, slave."

Kevin immediately sank to his knees on the floor, holding onto Carr's body in a manner that Grant thought looked almost worshipful. As Grant watched, becoming increasingly aroused by the two men's attitudes, Carr turned himself around within the circle formed by Kevin's embracing arms.

"Rim me, slave. Eat ass."

Kevin, his arms thrown around Carr's hips, shoved his face between the lush cheeks of the actor's dark-gold ass. As Kevin began rooting around his lips and tongue, Carr glanced up at Grant.

"Come here and suck my cock for me while your buddy kisses my ass," the actor demanded.

Grant shook his head. "No way, man. I'm nobody's fucking slave. If I suck your cock, it'll be because I want to not because you told me to. This S

and M shit isn't my scene... but I'd like to watch."

Carr only shrugged as he began to push his buns tighter against Kevin's face, grinding his ass against the bodybuilder's licking mouth. "Eat it, slave! Eat that ass, mother-fucker tongue me, get your fucking tongue way up into

it and rim the shit out of that hot ass." As Carr continued to give commands and spit out insults, Kevin ate his ass harder and harder, making sounds of frantic pleasure that Grant found both disgusting and strangely arousing. Suddenly Carr pulled away, so quickly that Kevin lost his balance and fell to the floor full length. He lay there, breathing hard, avoiding Grant's eyes.

Carr went over to a table across the room, took something out of a drawer, and returned. He had a gold-plated cylinder about three inches long in his hand as he stooped to pick up his discarded belt. It was a wide leather belt with three rows of metal studs and a silver buckle.

Carr wrapped one end of the belt around his hand and wrist.

"Get up, slave," he told Kevin angrily.

When Kevin got to his knees, Carr pressed the inhaler to the bodybuilder's nostrils. As Kevin inhaled greedily, Grant smelled the sharp, pungent odor of amyl. Carr applied the peppers to his own nostrils, then tossed the inhaler to Grant. He looked down, chest heaving, eyes suddenly blazing with cruelty and lust, at Kevin on his knees in front of him. Suddenly, Carr planted the sole of one boot on Kevin's chest and gave him a shove that sent him sprawling backward.

Kevin landed on the couch, with his legs spread and dangling to the floor and his head resting on the cushions.

Crack! "Aaahhhhhh!"

The scream erupted as Carr brought the gleaming leather belt whistling down onto Kevin's bare ass. Watching, Grant breathed in the peppers and felt his blood begin to race, his body turn hot, his cock begin to pulse with excitement down in the crotch of his suddenly too tight jeans.

Crack! "Aaahhhhh!" Crack! "Ooh nooooo!" Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!
"No!

Please, no!" Crack!

Each stroke of the improvised whip was more brutal than the one before.

As Grant, now undisgustedly excited, watched, fascinated, Kevin's muscular ass grew red and welted, until the metal studs on the slashing belt actually began to draw blood Grant walked over to the couch and sat on it to get a better look. Kevin threw his powerful arms around Grant's waist and drew himself into Grant's lap, his head buried in Grant's crotch, his ass raised high to receive blow after sharp, stinging blow.

Carr lashed him without letting up, grunting with satisfaction each time his strokes drew a shriek of agony from the clinging, naked stud he was whipping so savagely.

Kevin was moaning faintly after each crack of the belt: "Yes... oh, yes... more... harder... yes!"

He saw that Carr's green eyes were glittering with sadistic lust, and that his rock-hard prick had a drop of white jism leaking out of its slit.

Panting, Carr threw the belt aside and paused, to catch his breath. "I just ripped your ass, to shreds, slave!" he gloated, gasping. "You've got blood running down your thighs... and those marks on your butt won't go away for a long time. Everybody in the gym where you work out will see them and know that you're nothing but a fucking masochist who got the hell whipped out of him by a leather master! So what have you got to say about it, slave? Aren't you going to thank me for treating you right, for giving you what you want?"

"Thank you, sir... thank you... oh, thank you so much, sir!" Kevin moaned.

"Thank you for beating me, for hurting me, for disciplining me...

for marking me, Master!"

"Jesus," Grant muttered.

"Give me the inhaler, will you. Grant? Take some more popper, Kevin. Take a lot. I want you to be really high, really hot, slave, because that was only a warm-up. Now it's time that ass of yours got fucked now that it's been well

warmed by the whip. I'm going to fuck you, slave. With my cock if you're tight with my fist if you're not."

"Oh, no-no! Please! Don't fist-fuck me! I can't take it sir!"

"Then you'd better be tight back there. That asshole of yours had better be able to give my prick a good hard, hot fuck!"

Kevin breathed in the fumes, then handed the inhaler to Grant, who took a strong double sniff and gave it to Carr to use.

"Put one knee up on the couch, slave, so your asshole will open up wide for my cock. That's right." Carr knelt down behind Kevin and thrust the head of his massive hard-on against his hairy asshole. Kevin, anticipating the worst, buried his head in Grant's lap again and gripped Grant in his strong arms, whimpering. Carr shoved forward.

"Owwwww!"

The scream was shattering. It seemed to linger in the air even after Kevin had stopped screaming, and was desperately gulping in air to refill his lungs for a second howl of pain. Carr had gotten into place, put his hands on Kevin's shoulders to steady him, and, taking a firm grip, had fucked his unlubricated prick all the way into Kevin's ass. Kevin lay in Grant's lap a shuddering, screaming, tortured mass of hard, flexed muscles Carr pitilessly fucked his cock deep into the bodybuilder's battered ass with long, steady strokes. Kevin grunted and cursed and sobbed as each new fuck-stroke ravaged his tight asshole.

"Fucked!" Carr panted hoarsely between cock-thrusts. "Fucked! That's what you wanted, slave, and that's what I'm doing to you. I'm fucking that ass of yours as hard as I can, slave. My cock is tearing it apart. Take it, slave! Take that and that and that and that! Take my cock up your ass!"

Get fucked, slave! Get fucked!"

After a minute or two of this savage fucking, Carr was already coming.

Groaning, cursing, his nails digging into and tearing the flesh of Kevin's shoulders and back, he pounded his way through his sudden, violent orgasm. With a final gasp of sadistic pleasure, he finished spurting, pulled his slimy prick out of Kevin's asshole, and fell away and to the floor.

Catching his breath, Carr staggered to his feet and helped Kevin get up, too. Kevin looked almost passed-out on his feet from the amyl he'd inhaled and the rough treatment Carr had inflicted on him.

"Where are you going with him?" Grant asked, mildly alarmed. "You got a dungeon downstairs or something?"

Carr smiled reassuringly. "Don't worry fun and games time's over for now.

I'm just going to clean Kevin up a little. Fix yourself another drink."

In a few minutes, Carr returned alone, naked under a luxurious-looking silk bathrobe. The sash was tied loosely enough for Carr's muscular thighs and his cock and balls to appear in the gap every time he took a step.

"I showed Kevin where the bathroom is and let him take a shower," Carr explained. "And I turned on the hot tub. It'll take a few minutes to warm up. The two of you can stay the night, can't you?"

"I don't know why not."

"Good. You want to turn on before we start Round Two?" Carr produced a fresh joint, and the two of them passed the marijuana cigarette back and forth, and when they finished it they lit up another. Grant felt good, but hoped that Carr wasn't trying to get him spaced out so he could coerce him into a freaky scene like the one he'd just witnessed with Kevin. He couldn't figure the actor out: one moment he was the perfect gentleman and host, and the next he was a frenzied sadist. But when Carr slipped his warm hand down between Grant's legs and gave his cock-bulge a friendly squeeze, it felt so good that Grant lay back lazily and let him do it, saying nothing. He didn't protest, either, when Carr unzipped his jeans and pulled out his half, hard cock and stroked it gently, admiringly.

Grant only smiled and said, half-jokingly: "Careful, man. You keep that up and you could get fucked the same way you just fucked Kevin."

Robert Carr laughed heartily. "Promises, promises."

Grant reached out to tap the ashes from the joint into a crystal ashtray on the coffee table.

As he did so, his hand brushed against a photograph in an elaborate silver-and-ebony frame. He picked up the photograph with casual curiosity, blinking and bringing it closer to his face to get a better look at it.

"Who's this?" he asked, just before he realized who it was.

That mouth. That smile. That blond mane. It was Gunther, looking his sexiest and most virile in the full-face color shot.

"Who, the picture?" Carr replied, raising himself on one elbow to look over Grant's shoulder. "That's one of my new slaves. A charming boy I just met recently. His name's Gunther Weiss. He's from Germany and you should see him in leather! Ummmm! He's very butch, but he'll do anything, absolutely anything, in bed once you get him properly warmed up. Would you like to meet him?"

Without waiting for an answer, Carr put his mouth around Grant's cockhead and began to suck. Grant groaned with lustful satisfaction at the hot blow-job the actor was giving him and with frustration at the mind-blowing revelation that Gunther had preceded him in Carr's hot tub and bed.

CHAPTER FIVE

Throughout the next day at work, Grant kept an eye on Gunther, trying to get some reaction from the foreign stud. However, to Grant's increasing annoyance and frustration, the guy remained as cheerfully noncommittal as ever. It was another hot day and it got even worse during a cloudless, muggy late afternoon. By quitting time, virtually all of the construction workers were stripped to their waists, coated with sweat and grime, and burned a darker shade of reddish brown by the fierce rays of the sun overhead. They fled after work to the cool, dark, air-conditioned haven of the bar across the street to quench their thirst with cold beer before heading home.

Mark joined Grant at a corner table in the packed little bar. The two men tossed their hard hats and work gloves down and propped booted feet up on the two unoccupied chairs at their table. Mark suggested that they have some sandwiches and then go to his place for a drink or whatever.

Grant watched Gunther, who was leaning against the bar with a couple of the other men. After a minute, Grant absent-mindedly agreed.

Mark laughed at his desultory manner. "You don't seem exactly thrilled by the proposal or the proposition, buddy. What's the matter? Tired of me already?"

Grant, tearing his eyes away from Gunther, looked at Mark and returned his smile. "Sorry. I'm having trouble working up much enthusiasm for anything in this fucking heat, and after sweating under that sun all day.

Is was a proposition, then? Or just what did you mean?"

Mark snickered. "I meant, whatever you have left after tom catting around all weekend. Your prick must be limp by now."

Grant blushed a little at Mark's bluntness. "How'd you know I went out this weekend? I didn't see you anywhere... and I just about made the rounds."

"I'm sure you did. I called you any number of times, but you were never home. I'd hoped we might get something on but..."

They ordered food, and drank more beer. Mark decided to turn around to see what was engrossing Grant so. He saw how desirable Gunther looked, leaning back against the polished wood of the bar in his tight, mud-caked jeans and open work shirt, smiling and laughing as he chatted with two guys from the crew and paid no attention to what was going on elsewhere in the bar. Mark was more amused than surprised to see how Grant's eyes flickered with ill-disguised interest and jealousy. Grant, Mark saw, was positively smoldering with lust as he picked at his food and watched Gunther and his two friends, obviously wishing himself in their place beside that seductive blond foreigner.

"You want him, don't you now that you know he can be had," Mark said. It wasn't a question, and his deep voice was lightened by laughter.

Grant looked up and scowled a bit. "What? Oh, fuck! Sure. Don't you? He's gorgeous, and nobody could tell by looking at him that he isn't super-straight. I thought he was. What a laugh! Anyway, so what if he does turn me on a little or even a lot? I've had the hots for plenty of other studs who weren't interested in me, and so have you. I'll live. After all, there are a million others for me to choose from."

Mark still looked amused. "A million? I'm jealous just of that one, since you can't seem to take your eyes off his hot little stud bod!"

Grant flushed, but wasn't angry. "Well, don't be jealous, man it's not worth it. I only want your hot little stud bod tonight. And tomorrow night, and the next night, and so on, for as long as you want to ball me.

You still turn me on." He smiled seductively into his fuck buddy's eyes.

Mark actually looked a bit embarrassed by this declaration, and he began to concentrate on his meal. But Grant could tell that his friend was getting excited by the prospect of their next big sex together again, and very soon. Grant stole one last, lingering glance at Gunther and then determined to forget about him and concentrate his sexual energy on Mark, who was at

least there and appreciative of him. A bird in the hand or a guy in bed, as the case might be!

He examined, Mark's handsome face with renewed interest, almost as though his friend were a stranger, a potential trick Grant admired the deep-brown eyes, the male beauty of the face that was only enhanced by the traces of dust and grime left by the day's labor, and by the fact that Mark had a bad case of five o'clock shadow now. He was one hell of a stud, and for a hot, flashing moment, wild thoughts of his naked body stretched out beneath Grant's, his legs thrown apart, his muscular ass waiting for Grant's prick to pierce it, crossed Grant's mind and made it difficult for him to swallow the last bites of his food. He wanted to fuck Mark right that instant! He was willing to tear off the guy's pants and fuck him right there in the bar, with that prick-teasing Gunther and whoever else cared to watch looking and cheering them on!

"I'd love to fuck you right now, Mark," Grant confided in a low tone.

"Take your butch ass right here on the floor, or propped up against the bar over there, baby right in front of everyone."

Mark laughed, as though daring Grant to do it. Then, not caring who might take notice, he reached out and put his big hand around Grant's neck, drawing him forward across the table as though to kiss him. But Mark kept the gesture of intimacy suitably chaste he merely touched Grant, caressing the back of his neck and his sweaty, disheveled hair lightly before letting him go.

"Not here, man when we're alone. I want you to think about it all the way until we get to my place, so you'll be good and horny by the time we get there. And then you fuck my ass good and hard and deep, hear? Deep and slow again and again I want to feel your cock ramming in and out of my ass. We'll fuck tonight as often as you can get it up, stud! That sound okay with you?"

"Pretty good, I'd say," Grant replied, almost creaming his tight jeans at the sexy way Mark had offered himself to him. "There's only one problem if I

try to stand up now, I'll knock this fucking table over, I've got such a hard-on from listening to you talk."

"We'll have one more beer and see if that'll cool you down...

temporarily, of course."

They had another quick one and left, eager to get to Mark's place and fuck. This time, Grant successfully fought the temptation to glance at Gunther, although he heard the German's light laughter as he went out the door with Mark.

Mark's apartment was roomy, furnished with heavy pieces: deep leather chairs, tables with carved legs, all resting on a thick fur rug that covered most of the living room floor.

"Let's do it, man!" Mark moaned. He touched his lips to Grant's in a hot kiss and began to grope him, the minute he'd shut the front door behind them.

"Let's fuck!"

They undressed right there in the living room, and Mark immediately grasped Grant's prick in one hand and began to jerk him off, with rapidly increasing urgency, as they went slowly into the bedroom.

Still holding Mark in his arms, Grant pulled him down onto the open bed.

Gripping Grant's cock hard in a tight fist now, Mark lay half on top of him, opened his legs, and pulled Grant to him. He lowered his head to Grant's crotch, his arms going around Grant's body to grasp his ass, holding onto him tightly. The musky heat of Grant's groin blended with Mark's hot breath as he drew Grant's cockhead into his mouth. A thrill shot through Grant as his buddy sucked his cock into his mouth deeper and deeper.

Mark had never been able to take Grant's monstrous prick quite all the way. That nine inches of fat prick was more than a mouthful! But he did his best. With one hand Mark held Grant's huge balls away from his body, rolling them rapidly around in his fingers as he moved his head up and down along the throbbing shaft of that big cock, his wet lips caressing it, his hot tongue

playing over the swollen, smooth skinned cockhead, drilling down into the pouting piss slit, driving Grant wild. After long, delightful minutes, Mark pulled his mouth away and looked up at his lover, his hands traveling up Grant's chest to rub over his shoulders.

"You're beautiful, stud," he moaned. "So tanned and built! I could look at your fucking bed all day touch it all day. Christ, just thinking about having your big hard prick in me practically gives me an orgasm! You're the hottest, humpiest mother-fucker I've ever had in the sack and Grant, baby, I've had plenty to make the comparison from! I've really got the hots for you, man. I can't believe we're together, that you're going to fuck me, come in me Jesus!"

Aroused, Grant pulled Mark up to his chest and embraced him furiously, his hands roaming all over that lush male body as they clung to one another and rubbed their naked flesh together with such urgency and lustful enthusiasm that both were afraid, for a moment, that it would be over for them right then and there as their overexcited cocks threatened to gush immediately. Their fingers were exploring everywhere... Grant's, especially. Mark's body was virtually hairless except for the thick, soft fur that covered his thighs and crotch. Their powerful bodies fitted together with frictionless ease as they slipped slowly down onto the mattress together, still embracing one another roughly. Grant rolled over atop Mark and the latter's hips, started thrashing from side to side, his pelvis pushing up into Grant's. Their mouths were glued together, hurting a bit as their teeth came into contact through their crushed together lips. Grant's hands were thrust into Mark's dark hair, moving his head insistently from side to side as they tongue-kissed furiously.

"Grant, please, man! Fuck me fuck my ass for me. I can't stand it, waiting like this, you teasing me with your hot mouth and me just wanting it and wanting it, up my ass... all the way, stud... fucking me! Please take me, fuck me! Right now! I want to feel you coming in my ass!"

Grant pulled his mouth away from Mark's saliva-coated cock after going down on it for just a second, letting the cockhead slip out and slap back against Mark's belly as Grant's hands went around his hips to his ass, lifting his lower body up. Those muscular legs shot over Grant's broad, sunburned

shoulders, gripping him firmly around the neck. Mark was smiling now, his hands running down Grant's biceps, as he surrendered his ass to the other man to use or abuse as he would. Grant leaned down and bit gently into Mark's thigh, the skin feeling resilient yet tough between his lightly nipping teeth. Mark's thigh muscles were rock-hard and stood out along his sleek, tanned limbs as he strained his ass up against Grant's groin in an unmistakable gesture that meant: "Fuck me quick!" Mark smelled good, too a clean musky smell that was as rawly masculine as his body looked and felt.

Grant pressed his mouth lower down, traveled around between Mark's thick upraised legs with his lips and tongue, and found the especially warm area beneath his balls. Mark sucked in his breath in a series of pained rasps. He shoved his legs even higher on Grant's shoulders. His body tasted sweet down there. Grant found the cleft of his hairy asshole at last and lapped at it delicately with his tongue, sending shivers of delight through the big stud he was preparing to rim. His fingers grasped those magnificent male ass cheeks and hoisted that ass even higher, pressing the asshole against his lips.

"Grant! Rim it!" Mark moaned. "My God! Do it! Rim me! Get my ass hot and loosened up for your cock! Eat it out for me!"

Without hesitating for a second, Grant gathered saliva in his mouth and drooled it into the rosy pucker-muscle he was nuzzling with his lips, at the same time letting some of the spit dribble onto his fingers. He quickly dropped his hand to his hot, pulsating cock and massaged the spit over the cockhead and the upper part of the cock shaft to lubricate it.

He had learned in the past that, with Mark, a little saliva was the best lubricant because it provided just enough slipperiness to let Grant's cock fuck into that eager ass without any difficulty. Mark liked to be fucked rough, and a greasier, longer lasting lubrication would have lessened his pleasure in being taken and used by another guy's hard fuck tool. As he worked the spit around on his cock, Grant fucked his tongue deep into the writhing hole of Mark's ass again and again, getting it ready for his cock.

His hands then moved up to Mark's thighs and pulled the man's body down tight against his crotch. Mark, remembering how Grant had fucked him on other occasions, slid into the proper position immediately and reached down to seize his own ass cheeks and pull and hold them apart, waiting.

He didn't have a long wait. Grant's knees were now on the bed on either side of Mark's waist and he was sitting back on his heels with his spit-smeared prick aimed perfectly at a forty-five degree angle as Mark's butch ass pushed down against it. Grant reached under to grasp the two firm cheeks of the other man's ass and yank them even farther apart as his cock ground into the warmth and soft skinned vulnerability between them.

"Are you ready?" Grant asked softly.

"Yeah let me have it!" Mark groaned.

He paused a second, inhaling deeply. Then Grant felt Mark's ass press more tightly against the tip of his cock. Grant felt the head of his thick fuck tool push through Mark's asshole, enter him easily, and move, more slowly, forward, deeper into that lush, hot ass that was opening itself up for him. Mark breathed in with quick, nervous gasps as Grant fucked deeper and deeper into the tight sleeve of his asshole. He could feel the head of his cock press against some barrier deep inside.

"Mark, baby relax! Relax your ass for me. Let me put it in and fuck you, baby!"

"I'm trying, man. Only you're so damn big! It hurts a little this time.

Let me have the rest real easy, until it's all the way in me."

"I've been there before, man," Grant grunted as he concentrated on forcing the rest of his cock shaft into that tight, resisting asshole.

"So you just relax... take it? Now!"

He shoved harder and the tight ass guts opened and his cockhead fucked deeper. Now he could fuck his cock completely inside Mark's ass, and he

did so, before Mark could tense up again and make it harder to penetrate his ass completely.

"Ohhhhh Grant! Jesus Christ! Oh, fuck yes, fuck me with it. Oh God, it's filling my fucking ass, it's tearing me open, man go ahead and fuck me!

Fuck me quick, let me feel your cock going in and out of me! Fuck my ass for me! Fuck me."

"I'm fucking you, all of it... feel that, man? Is it turning you on? Do you like the way that big prick of mine goes in and out of your hot stud ass?"

"Yes! Oh yeah Grant! Do it do it to me just like that. Fuck me just like that!"

Breathless, blinded by his own sweat that was streaming down his face, Grant fucked his prick in and out of Mark's ass without a care for the other guy's pain or pleasure. He knew Mark was getting off on this rough treatment. And he was selfishly enjoying Mark's body now, using it for his own sexual relief. Grant could feel his orgasm building up deep inside his ballsac cock burning with friction and its need to unleash its jism. Grant's swinging balls smacked against Mark's ass cheeks with a loud report as he fucked as far into him as he could. Mark only groaned with masochistic pleasure and shaved his ass back and up to meet Grant's impaling cock-thrusts.

Grant raised himself up on his hands to look down at the beautiful masculine body he was molesting with such violence and that did it! The sight of his cock fucking in and out of that yielding asshole was just too much for him to take. As he stared down at his prick shaft sinking deep between those two ripe ass buns, Grant came, as violently as he could ever remember having lost his come-load. His shot and shot jism inside that tight butch ass he'd fucked so hard.

"Oh, God!" Grant cried as he felt the first hot spurts leaving his prick and gushing deep into Mark's twitching ass guts. "Oh God, oh God, yes!"

His shouts and gasps for breath were drowning out Mark's loud cries of passionate satisfaction. "Fuck, it's so good coming in you, in your hot ass! Take it, oh, take it, man take all my hot come!"

Grant kept fucking into him as he spurted all the come he had stored up in his balls for days. He could hear Mark screaming incoherently, could feel the big man's hot, sweat-wet body thrashing about on the soiled bed beneath his own. He pounded his prick into his ass again before dropping down onto him exhausted, his come-gushing cock once more fucking as deeply into Mark's asshole as it could go but staying immobile there this time as it lost the last of its potent flow. Grant was drained, and he could feel Mark's well fucked ass muscles close around his prick tightly, jerkily contracting against the rigidity of his cock shaft. He knew that Mark was coming, too. Mark's hips continued to work as he shot his come-load. He was crying and sobbing out his joy.

It had been great as it always seemed to be between them and they were both deliriously but not at all unpleasantly tired after their long, hot fuck. They remained the way they were on the bed for a long time, their hips moving against each other, Grant's cock still planted deep inside Mark's body, feeling warm and comfortable as it slid effortlessly back and forth within his juicy, come-filled asshole. Exhausted, the two men fell asleep in one another's arms.

CHAPTER SIX

The week passed quickly. On Tuesday, Grant went home with Mark again after work and fucked him twice before the night was over. After getting off the job on Thursday, Grant spent the night with Kevin at his apartment. They got high, and this time it was Kevin who did the fucking once the two of them hit the sack together. Deciding that he'd had enough in the way of sex for one week, Grant spent Friday night at his own apartment, alone, watching TV.

When the phone rang, Grant was mildly surprised to hear Robert Carr's mellow voice on the other end of the connection.

"Grant? How are you, stud? I hope you don't mind my calling you... I looked you up in the book. I tried to get you a couple of times earlier this week, but you weren't home. Out fucking, I suppose."

Grant laughed. "Yeah, I was, as a matter of fact. I'm at home resting up tonight."

"I called to invite you to a little party I'm having at my place tomorrow night. A big party, actually. I've lost count of how many guys I've invited. It's going to be all gay of course. And there'll be a lot of leather guys there, but also plenty of men who aren't into that. So if it turns into one big happy orgy, you'll have lots of hunky numbers to choose from. And of course you're welcome to stay the night, if you don't mind sacking out on the floor if we run out of bedrooms. Brunch next morning catered and afternoon at the pool to recuperate. Sound good?"

"Sure, what time?"

"Any time after dark. Guys will be drifting in and out until dawn, I'm sure. I've already invited Kevin. He's anxious to meet some of my leather friends. Why don't you bring a friend or two, if you know anybody as attractive as you are who likes gang-bangs?"

"How about my foreman? We're also fuck buddies."

Carr groaned. "Jesus! I'm getting a hard-on just thinking about it! Sure, bring him along. I'd love to meet him."

Grant bit his lip, hesitating, before asking: "Say, Bob will this German guy you told me about last week be there? The one you said is your new slave and all?"

"Gunther? Of course. I'll make him service you and your buddy if you like. By the way, did I mention that he's in construction, too? You have that much in common besides being both indecently butch, hung, and sexy.

Okay, Grant, I won't hold you up anymore. I'm looking forward to seeing you tomorrow night. So long."

Grant hung up, then phoned Mark and told him about the party, and Mark eagerly agreed to accompany him. Grant got undressed, had a couple of beers as he watched a late movie on television, and then went to bed. His slight intoxication, his nakedness beneath the single sheet, and his anticipation of the orgy at Carr's place were more than enough to make him horny.

Relaxing in his warm, comfortable bed, Grant greased his prick up with a little Vaseline and began to beat off, slowly, taking his time, really getting into it squeezing his prick to stop himself from coming each time he felt himself getting close. As usual, he began to fantasize about Gunther Weiss. Only now, his erotic visions were intensified by his knowledge that the blond stud was nothing but a male whore. Grant knew he wouldn't have any trouble getting Gunther hotter than hellfire, given half a chance.

"Let me fuck you, Gunther, let me suck your beautiful big German cock,"

Grant panted out loud as he pumped his fist up and down on his rigid, well-lubricated cock and played with his pecs and tits with his free hand. "Let me eat your prick, let me suck it right down into my throat, man. Let me lick your whole body with my hot tongue, rim your sexy butch ass and then fuck it with my hard cock, suck you off and swallow your come... I want to

make you go down an me, you slave! I want you to eat me and cream on my chest and rub your jism all over my pecs. I want us to fuck and suck until hell freezes over and then ball sonic more. I'm going to get you tomorrow night, you hung stud bastard. I'm going to get you at last. I'll kick the shit out of you for prick-teasing me like that ever since we met. I'll whip your back to ribbons, crush your big balls in my fist until you beg me to fuck you, and then I'll fuck you, first with my cock, then with my fist... oh, man, I'm so hot I'm going to explode! I'm coming! I'm going to come, I'm going to shoot! Here it fucking comes!

Take it Gunther, take my hot scum! I can't hold it back! I'm coming all over the place. I'm shooting! Oh take it, fucker... yeah! Oh, Gunther, baby! Fuck, yes! Oh shit... I can feel your hot juice squirting all over me... Oh, yeah... Carr has the money, God damn him, but me I'm the one who loves you, man! I love you! Oh, Christ!"

Exhausted, his drained, come-slimy prick still grasped in his fist, Grant fell into a deep sleep.

Robert Carr's elaborate glass house was surrounded by automobiles and motorcycles by the time Grant and Mark drove up to it the next evening. A smiling young man in full leather, with a drink in one hand and a lit joint in the other apparently one of the guests let them in. The house, huge as it was, seemed to be filled with men, all of them obviously gay.

Some of the faces Grant saw around him were famous, most were exceptionally attractive, and all had cruising expressions on them as they returned Grant's polite welcoming smile. The guests were dressed informally, Grant noticed to his relief.

There seemed tote two distinct types present. There were the guys in leather, usually boots and jackets with jeans, although Grant saw a number of butch ones who had on leather chaps or cycle pants, two or three of them without any crotch or ass pieces, so that the wearer's buns, cock, and balls hung out free beneath the rawhide lacings that held the pants together. Leather vests over bare torsos were also popular.

Some men were tattooed. Some had adorned their bodies with studded wrist and arm bands. Grant saw at least two dog collars, and one beautiful stud sported a handcuff, worn as a bracelet, on each wrist.

Another guy tall, powerfully built, himself haughtily erect as he surveyed the others in the living room had an earring in his pierced ear and two additional rings going through his nipples. He was unzipped and had his limp but thick cock dangling out of the V of his open jeans. A third ring, of solid gold, pierced the skin of his prick just beneath the piss slit. Grant had never seen anything so barbaric-looking and so arousing!

The second category of guests was not so tough looking, although there were enough brawny studs to keep Grant's interest high as he checked them out. Some of these men wore nothing but jeans or cut-offs. A few were already completely nude as they wandered around the house, and many were adorned with the chains and leather bindings. Grant assumed that many of the guys in this second group were the slaves of the top men, and the thought that their bodies were probably available to anyone who came along excited him further.

But no one was doing anything overtly sexual yet. They were just standing around drinking, smoking, and talking. Everyone, even the butchest of the leather men, was quite friendly. Several guys approached Grant and introduced themselves to him. There seemed to be none of the cliques or private groups one found in bars or at most parties. Grant began to smell the sweet, strawy odor of marijuana drifting through the rooms, mixed with the sharper aroma of the poppers that a lot of the guests were snorting.

A familiar, smiling face appeared at his side Carr's. The blond actor was outrageously dressed in a full black leather outfit. The jump-suit was of soft, thin glove leather that clung to Carr's body like the proverbial second skin. It was slashed open here and there, always in strategic spots, to expose his bare, tanned flesh, and laced up with black rawhide thongs threaded through brass eyelets in these gaps. Carr had a small whip coiled up and thrust through his belt, and spurs on the heels of his boots. He was also as high as a kite from the poppers he was sniffing from an inhaler that swung on a chain around his neck.

"Grant! Glad you could make it. Are you having a good time?" Carr let Grant have a snort from the inhaler.

"I'm fine. This looks like it could get pretty wild."

"Could? It will, baby, if I have anything to say about it! What about your buddy, this guy Mark? Couldn't he make it?"

"I lost him in the crowd, but he's here."

"Good. If he's half as hot as you are, I plan to be first in line. By the way, Kevin's here, too. I don't know how many guys he's already gotten it on with, but he's attracting lots of attention. My friends all seem to be staring at you, too, and from the looks on their faces, they like what they see. I'm sure you'll have a good time. Fuck anybody you like who wants to. I have to go mingle. You have fun."

"Hang loose, man."

Carr wandered off. Grant had a drink, then another, and chatted with several of the guests, playing his favorite mental game of picking out the guys he wouldn't mind fucking with before the night was over. Around him, guys were dancing in couples, as the music being piped in over Carr's elaborate sound system changed from disco hits to slower, more sensuous blues rhythms. Somebody had dimmed the lights in the living room, and a lot of the men had discarded their shirts and were dancing barechested, rubbing their hot bodies intimately together as they embraced.

Grant looked around for someone to ask to dance. He didn't have to bother a man came up to him with the same idea in mind. He had on tight jeans faded almost white by repeated washings, and full of holes and frays, with boots, and a black leather vest as his only upper garment. A long mane of immaculately groomed dark hair gleamed dully over a brutally handsome face that Grant thought looked familiar in the poor light. He wondered whether the guy was an actor particular when he noticed his exceptionally well-developed body. They began to dance, without conversing, arms flung around each other so that they could press their chests and crotches together the way most of the other couples on the floor were. Grant was amused to

discover that his partner had a roaring hard-on trapped in those provocative jeans of his. He rubbed his own basket over the cock-bulge again and again, to make his new friend even hotter, making it clear that he was open to suggestions.

Marijuana cigarettes were being passed from hand to hand, and Grant and his partner shared one as they swayed back and forth to the beat of the music, heads resting on each other's shoulders. Men who weren't dancing were on the floor or on sofas and chairs nearby, feeling around with each other. Some of the ones who were dancing were getting into some heavy action together, feeling each other up, with hands shoved inside pants, up crotches, over ass cheeks and pecs. Many were tongue-kissing nonstop as they ground their bodies together. Grant, getting more and more aroused by the proximity of the handsome stud he was dancing with, reveled in the open, unashamed sexuality of it all. Carr knew how to throw a party, all right, and his friends were obviously the kind who preferred fucking to standing around posing and cruising all evening.

Grant breathed in his partner's strong leather aroma, and he felt the other man's exploring fingers gently working their way inside his open fly, then up under his shirt to caress his chest. Grant groaned and let the man play with his tits, sliding his own hand down to squeeze his partner's hard, round ass through those threadbare jeans. Now Grant could feel a warm, moist hand pulling his swelling, heated prick out of his fly... and then another naked prick rubbing hotly against his as he and the leather stud writhed slowly to the strong but subtle beat of the music. Grant slammed about nervously, but immediately felt foolish. At least half a dozen men were stark naked in the immediate vicinity of the dance floor, making out quite openly in couples or threesomes.

His partner suddenly whispered. "Oh, shit have you got a big prick! I've never seen one so thick on a young guy your age... let me suck on the mother!"

And, with that, the big dark-haired man sank to his knees on the floor in front of Grant and, grasping his ass to hold him in place. As he sank down the length of Grant's body, moaning, open-mouthed with hunger for that juicy young cockmeat the construction worker realized where he had seen

this guy before: on the screen, starring in macho movie roles! He felt the guy's arms tighten around his ass, puffing him close, and then his hot prick was engulfed by his partner's warm mouth, the wet lips immediately establishing a steady back-and-forth pumping rhythm on his cock.

I'm getting blown, Grant thought with mounting excitement as he stood there in the center of the crowded room. I'm getting blown by Thad Gordon, the big movie star! And he's one hell of a good cock-sucker!

Grant's amazement at the discovery that Gordon was not only gay but hot for him, a nobody, was so great that he did not notice that he was the focus of many men's attention that many eyes were gazing at his body, at what they could see of his thick, hard, mouth-loved prick as it fucked into Gordon's sucking mouth again and again. The kneeling actor took every inch of the throbbing fuck tool into his mouth and throat, with reckless abandon. Too turned on to care about the voyeurs surrounding them, Grant stood there quietly, groaning softly from time to time as, legs spread, he rocked gently on his heels to fuck his cocks deep into that sensationally talented mouth.

Soon too soon he felt his own passion building up inside his pelvis, making his sucked cock pulse hard, with almost painful excitement and eagerness to explode. The pressure quickly grew to intolerable levels and Grant knew that he had to blast his come-load down Gordon's throat. He gripped the guy's head between his hands and shoved his prick all the way down that gulping maw. His taut thigh muscles quivered from the strain.

Then, finally, unable to resist the urge to come any longer, Grant felt his body convulsing, doubling over that of the cock-sucking movie idol.

Bucking hips to fuck the guy's handsome face even harder, fucking his cock deeper down that gaping throat to rape it with brutal satisfaction, pushing deeper and deeper still Grant came in a rush of hot creamy fluid that seemed to go on and on, spurt after wet spurt, with Gordon choking and sputtering but still sucking furiously. The white cock cream ran from his busily milking lips and dribbled down his chin to drip onto the floor.

His climax over, Grant jerked his cock out of the actor's mouth. As he struggled to cram his still-hard prick back into his jeans, he realized that his performance had drawn quite an audience. Embarrassed, he walked brusquely away, staggering a little, and went through the first door he found. It led to another room full of half-naked men having sex with each other, but there was a bar set up against one wall. Grant mixed himself a stiff drink and sat down to watch the action around him. When his cock had cooled down enough, he stuffed it back into his pants and zipped up, grunting a little at the effort it took to force the zipper closed over the bulge made by his stiffened prick. He had another drink, and allowed a couple of guys to kiss and fondle him through his clothes.

He wasn't interested in balling either of them, however, so, after a while, he ventured back into the big living room. He felt a hungry kind of horniness that manifested itself in a blind desire to fuck and fuck and fuck, like an animal the result of the intense sexuality of his surroundings, the combination of so many willing bodies, so much liquor, pot, and poppers.

Nobody was dancing now. The air was thick with the smell of warm bodies, of come and sweat, of grass and amylnitrite. The action seemed to be concentrated at opposite ends of the long room. Near the far wall, Grant stopped and watched, along with several other curious or amused men.

Thad Gordon, who'd just sucked Grant off, struggled in a mock effort to escape the strong grip of two hard-faced, tough-looking, well built young hunks in leather jackets and boots nothing else, a costume which left their cocks and balls to swing free and their asses fully exposed. They were forcibly stripping Gordon naked, tearing his clothes, and for the first time Grant saw what a magnificent body his former dancing partner had. He was wearing a cock harness, and his prick swelled larger within the leather-and-brass restraint as the two punks holding him pinned him down on a sofa while a third, older man, who looked extremely big and rough to Grant, moved behind Gordon's body. He was naked except for a gleaming chrome cock ring around his huge, solid hard on, and he was greasing the head and shaft of that thick prick of his with K-Y. The two leather men pressed Gordon back against the third, who maneuvered his big body carefully to get his cock between the actor's butch buns.

Gordon let out a scream as the guy behind him fucked his cock up his ass in a single fierce lunge. The big bastard clamped the agonized Gordon against his hairy broad chest and the other two men let go. They weren't needed any more. Gordon was impaled upon the huge man's prick, being fucked with fast, hard cock strokes as the guy pinched his wits and reached down to jerk him off, rubbing his cock painfully within its sheath of leather harness. The big man walked forward, into the center of the room, actually using his prick to push Gordon ahead of him as he fucked him with it savagely, grunting and gasping as his body banged into the actor's ass cheeks with each fuck-stroke.

At last he shot his come-load into the dark-haired actor's ass, then pulled his prick out quickly and let Gordon fall to the floor. Gordon rolled over, sobbing, writhing in pain. And Grant saw why: even after shooting, the cock that the big fucker had jammed up that brutalized ass was one of the longest and thickest cocks Grant had ever seen. It was certainly bigger than anything he'd ever had the guts to try to take on!

Another man picked up the trembling Gordon and flung him onto the sofa, fucking his cock into his come-slimed ass roughly and without any preliminaries. Gordon moaned, but worked his ass cheeks to grind them against the cock shaft that was plowing in and out of him. From the expression on his face, it was obvious that getting fucked by the first guy's monster prick had only whetted his anal appetite, and that this new assault on his ass was more pleasurable than painful. After several hot minutes of heavy fucking, the guy shot off inside the actor's ass, and Gordon was passed on to another stud, who used him in the same callous way, only this time in a different position. Gordon was flat on his back on the floor with his legs thrown over his fucker's broad shoulders as his wet asshole opened up eagerly to accept yet another thick cock. As Grant watched, incredulous, mad Gordon, one of the hottest box office attractions of the year, gave his butch ass to a fourth man and a fifth and a sixth!

Gordon ended up thrown on the sofa like a worn-out rag doll, alone, crumpled up, convulsively humping his cock against the come stained cushions, begging: "Fuck me fuck me, anybody, somebody! Shove another cock up my ass!"

Nobody obliged. They'd all had their crack at the celebrity, and it was time to move on to fresh meat. Grant wondered whether Gordon could survive another fucking, in the freaked out shape he was in after having been fucked by so many guys, one after another. But the actor was clearly a masochist who'd do anything and would love every painful minute of it.

Somebody handed him a big black rubber dildo, and Gordon eagerly shoved it between his buns and fucked his own ass with it as he gratefully took another man's cock in his mouth to suck!

Grant moved away, toward the other end of the room, and discovered Mark slumped in a chair. He was naked and breathing hard, his hair sweaty and disheveled, come drying on his belly, his limp cock coated with a glistening film of Vaseline. He'd evidently been enjoying the party.

"Mark! Thought I'd lost you, man. Hey are you all right?"

"Fine, perfect, buddy! Man -- this is one wild orgy! I wasn't here five minutes before I was in a bedroom, getting it on with the two humpiest numbers in the place. And it's been nothing but snorting coke and smoking and sucking ever since in twos, in threes, in groups just one big come, Grant! I love it!"

"Great." Grant gave Mark a hug and kiss and moved on.

At the far end of the room, on a pile of pillows and against another couch, he saw an amazing group fuck in progress, a vast mound of naked bodies, all sliding over each other indiscriminately with the slick mound of oiled and sweaty flesh rubbing against flesh. Every mouth seemed to be sucking a cock. Every asshole seemed to be plugged with a greased prick or with diddling fingers, every hand seemed to be grasping hard, muscled nudity with greedy possessiveness. It was one huge, interlocked sex pile.

Grant saw bottles on the floor, saw several hands pouring their contents onto the heaving flesh, and realized that the bodies in the heap were covered with oil, slithering over each other with the aid of this musky smelling lubricant.

Fascinated, his cock growing hard as he watched, Grant stripped naked and threw his clothes, bundled up, into a corner. He oiled his own body, then stood beside the mound, not sure what to do next. A hand grasped his ankle a body slid toward his prick a mouth closed over it and began to suck, hard. Other hands reached out and seized his legs and ass.

Grant lost his balance and fell onto the heap, then slipped down into it and was surrounded by husky male nudity, all oiled and sweating and slippery. He relaxed, enjoying the way he was being drawn steadily deeper inside the pile. Hands ran all over him, caressing each limb, fondling his hard prick and oily balls and ass cheeks. He brushed a few exploring fingers away from his asshole, not feeling in the mood to get fucked at the moment, but otherwise surrendered himself completely to the weird experience. Lying half on his side, sucking a dark-brown nipple on somebody's chest, Grant felt a pair of buns rubbing against his thighs, flattening his cock against his belly.

As he and whoever owned those luscious ass cheeks shifted with the general movement of the orgy heap, Grant managed to get his cock down into the crack of the hairy ass, and he let the oiled tip of his cock slip into the guy's asshole. He closed his eyes and fucked the guy's responsive ass gently, letting himself float among the other naked bodies, surrounded as he and his partner of the moment were on all sides by bare skin, oiled and perspiring, hard and muscular, smooth sometimes to the touch, at other moments hairy and masculine. After a few minutes, his prick slipped out of the asshole he'd been fucking.

Opening his eyes, Grant found himself at the edge of the pile, and made an effort to wriggle out from under it. He slipped free, stood up, and retrieved his clothes, but then decided not to put them back on nobody else in the house seemed to be keeping a stitch on. Instead, Grant wandered out, onto a terrace nude, and descended some steps to the pool that lay half under the house, half alongside it. The pool lights were on and a couple of guys were swimming naked. Grant dived in, swam a few laps to wash the oil and funk from his body, then clambered out and returned to the interior of the house. Horny, but a little fatigued by his sexual experiences so far, he decided that

Carr wouldn't mind if he went to one of the many bedrooms to rest for a while.

In the living room, the orgying continued, and Grant walked over to see what a large crowd was watching with appreciative murmurs. A young man was spread-eagled face down on the floor. A burly stud held his ankles, another knelt with a hand around each wrist. Over the boy Robert Carr stood, now naked except for his boots, whip in hand. He raised the long, black lash and brought it down on the young guy's unprotected ass, connecting with it with a loud crack that brought a scream of raw pain from the prostrate victim. Carr struck him again and again until his ass was crisscrossed with dark marks that Grant knew would quickly develop into welts. With each stroke, the young man jerked with pain, twisting his body in a useless effort to free it from his captors.

"No, no!" he choked as the whip descended upon his ass again and again, harder each time. "Don't hit me again, sir! Ahhhhhh! Oh, please! I'm burning up, my ass, it's on fire. God, I'll do anything, anything this time, if only it's unbearable I can't uuuhhhh! No, it fucking hurts too much! No, please, no!"

A stud standing next to Grant whispered into his ear as he felt him up.

"Bob gets all the humpy ones to be his slaves, doesn't he? He does this sort of thing so well. Notice how evenly he lays the cuts across the kid's buns, and how he changes the angle of his strokes when he gets into that especially sensitive area just below the ass cheeks, so that the whip will fall right into it, almost touching that kid's balls each time.

Amazing expertise. No wonder the kid begs Bob to do it to him. And that smell of blood warm and salty mixed with the sweat, the sweat of fear and pain. What ecstasy it's going to be to fuck that bloody ass once Bob gets it warmed up for us! You look like you could discipline a disobedient slave... how'd you like to use a whip on me like that, Master?"

Grant pulled away from the man's exploring hands, feeling sickened yet strangely excited, and left the room, retreating down a long corridor.

Through the open door of a guest room he saw Kevin lying on the crumpled sheets of the bed, his naked body bruised and streaked with still-fresh jism, panting lightly as he caressed his prick with one hand.

"Kevin? You okay, man? What's happening?"

The long-haired bodybuilder looked up and grinned. "Hi, Grant. I'm fine!

Just took on a bunch of guys, and I must be still half spaced out from all the poppers they gave me."

Grant laughed. "Okay, 'fess up how many of them fucked your ass?"

"I don't know... about a dozen. Some of them came back for seconds, too, so I lost count. I guess I've had more guys' pricks in my mouth and up my ass tonight than I usually get in a whole year of tricking! Man, it was great! They ganged up on me and held me down on the bed here and went at it, one right after another, fucking the shit out of my ass and making me beg for it. There's nothing like being a slave, Grant nothing like it in the whole fucking world!"

"Yeah well, I guess so."

Grant was incapable of working up much real enthusiasm for the S and M

scene that Kevin seemed to like so much. He gave his friend a reassuring kiss and hug and went on down the corridor to explore the rest of the house. The sound of the lash striking cringing flesh followed him, though. It seemed omnipresent in Carr's place tonight, no matter how far away from the orgy room Grant went.

Further down the hall, Grant turned a corner and was startled to run into a young guy, good-looking and muscular, who was tied by his outspread wrists to some rings screwed into the top of a doorway. He hung from the straps naked, looking exhausted, hollow-eyed, his quivering legs scarcely able to hold him up.

The young slave looked up, saw Grant, and addressed him in gasps: "Oh, please... please help me. I can't... take this anymore!"

Grant immediately freed the guy from his bonds, noting with a grimace how the rawhide thongs had cut into his wrists, leaving angry looking red marks and scaring the skin deeply. He had to hold the guy's slumping body up as he helped him into a nearby bedroom that happened to be empty, although the sounds coming through the wall from the one next door suggested that at least two guys were in there, going at it hot and heavy. Grant laid the guy he'd rescued from bondage down on the well used bed.

"You okay now?" Grant asked.

"I guess so. Master Robert... he fucked me without any grease or anything, in front of a bunch of the other top men. Then he turned me over to them and said that whoever wanted my ass could have it. And they all gang-banged me one big cock up my ass after another. I'm really sore.

Am I bleeding back there, man?" With a sigh, Grant turned the guy's lithe body over, checked out his tempting but bruised ass, looking for damage.

He saw that the puckered entrance to the kid's asshole was chafed and irritated and oozing jism, but he looked okay serious. And no blood. He'd live to get fucked again and maybe sooner than he'd planned on. Grant liked the kid's hard, smooth body. He was hung, too.

"Does it hurt?" Grant asked.

"Just a little," the young masochist whispered. "No, don't go. I like you."

His tongue fucked out to lick Grant's tit. His hand slipped up between Grant's thighs to his crotch, searching, grasping, caressing, until Grant got a hard-on again. Grant threw an arm around the boy and drew him close. The masochist's lush and battered body reeked of the sweat and come of innumerable men. Grant felt other guy continued to jack on his prick, rubbing his body against Grant's with unmistakable intent.

"Let me suck you off, sir," the boy pleaded. "I did you a favor, slave,"

Grant growled, trying his best to imitate the tough way the other masters talked. "I don't want a lousy blow-job! I want a piece of ass! Get up and straddle me and sit on my cock!"

The boy moaned, but the expression on his sexy young face was one of pure lust and submission. And he kept tight on jerking on Grant's immense, steely prick and lapping at his nipples with his tongue.

"Do it!" Grant said roughly.

"But you're hung so fucking big, and I've already been fucked so many times that my asshole's all sore and..."

"Shut up and sit on it, slave! And that's a fucking order. Sit on my prick, or you'll wish you had, when I'm done punishing you for disobeying me. You can grease it first I'll be easy on you. There's a jar of Vaseline right there on the night stand. Use it. Quick!"

The kid quickly greased up Grant's throbbing cock and his own chafed asshole, then straddled Grant and tried to impale himself on the construction worker's thick prick.

"Open your ass and take my cock," Grant snarled.

"Oh! Jesus! I can't!" the boy protested, his body convulsing with pain as he tried to comply.

Impatient, Grant took the guy's big balls in his hand, making a snug ring around them with two fingers, and began to pull downward with them, stretching the ballsac. The young man resisted, but not for long. With a stifled cry, he shoved his ass down onto Grant's prick and let the rest of the solid cock shaft rip up into his ass guts.

"Good! Now fuck yourself on my cock! Ride it! Move that hot ass of yours up and down on my fucker!" Grant grunted savagely. "Faster, you little whore! Faster! Take that cock of mine! Take it, slave! Get fucked, punk, get fucked! Fucked!"

The whimpering young man did as he was told, pumping his ass wildly up and down on Grant's pistoning fuck tool until he could really endure no more of the pain. Then, just as Grant was about to explode inside his ass, the kid passed out from the pain and excitement. Grant laid the guy's limp body flat on the bed and kept fucking the unconscious body, fucking that ass as hard as he could. His come-load blasted into its depths in a frothy torrent. Then, exhausted, he slept, his spent cock still hard and planted deep inside the other guy's ass.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Grant awoke with a start, knowing that he wasn't alone on the bed. In the dim light he saw a head moving up and down, and he felt his cock being massaged passionately by smooth, expert lips. He sat up, reached down, and pulled the young masochist off his prick, looking him in the eyes with curiosity, shocked by the guy's abject, pleading expression.

"Don't, I'm tired," Grant explained. "Let's go back to sleep."

"Master," the other stud whispered, almost moaning. "Master, please let me suck you. I need your prick in my mouth."

Grant shrugged and lay back, enjoying the feel of Carr's satin sheets against his naked body. He was still half asleep, and not in a particularly horny mood, but gradually the slave's fervent cock-sucking brought him to the edge of another explosion. As he began to pump himself down into the other naked man's greedy throat, he saw that the guy was jacking himself off frantically, one hand thrust between his squatting, muscular thighs, working on his swollen prick. Grant finally saw the white cum spurt from that well-fisted cock and fly over the sheets, staining them, adding to the mess left by the two of them before and by whoever the hell had used the bed earlier in the evening. The masochist started to raise his head, but Grant pushed him back down on his prick.

"Suck it! You want it so fucking bad, suck it off! Swallow it all!"

He came in the boy's throat quickly, making sure that the slave had to choke and gag a lot as he struggled to swallow all of Grant's hot, sticky come-load. Grant pulled his prick out of the come-flooded mouth, leaving his cocksucker choking on come.

"Get lost, now I want to sleep," Grant said, turning over in the bed.

When he woke up again, about an hour later, it was still night. The young bottom man was still asleep beside him, a smile on his lips. And when

Grant slipped out of the bed and went into the hall naked, he could tell by the sounds from the living room that the orgy was still going on.

He found a way out onto the terrace without passing through the living room, and leaned against the railing, taking deep breaths of the warm night air. The huge pool, glowing from its underwater lights and empty of swimmers now, shimmered a weird, otherworldly blue below him. Grant went down the steps mid flung himself into the cool water, gliding through it nude. Finally, aware of a pleasant sense of fatigue flowing through his body, he climbed out of the water and entered the ground floor of the house, which he hadn't seen yet, through a sliding glass door, looking for a towel or something else to dry off with.

He found more bedrooms, all unoccupied at the moment. In one, however, the light in the adjoining bathroom was on. Grant stepped through the open door and was taken completely by surprise when he literally ran into Gunther Weiss.

"Sorry," Gunther mumbled in his unmistakable lightly accented English, as he turned from the john into which he'd been pissing. Then he recognized Grant and blushed furiously.

Grant was equally at a loss for a moment. In the excitement of all the group fucking that he'd been observing and joining in, he'd forgotten all about Gunther's supposed master-slave relationship with his host, let alone that Gunther had been invited to the party. Grant was disconcerted, too, to find that Gunther was wearing nothing but jeans with his huge soft prick hanging out of the open fly boots, and a dog collar. The studded leather band was stiff and at least two inches wide, so that Gunther had difficulty moving his head downward or to the sides. His bare torso, with its massive pecs, was shiny with drops of sweat, but if he'd been fucking and sucking as avidly as the other guests, he didn't look it his blue eyes were clear and had no shadows under them.

Grant, genuinely at a loss for words, finally blurted out: "Hi, guy. Are you enjoying the party?"

Gunther's gaze was level. "Yes. Very much." His cool attitude irritated Grant. "How many guys have you had sex with tonight?"

Gunther's blush deepened under his dark tan, but his voice was as smooth and polite as usual when he replied, after a long moment's hesitation: "I do not talk about the men I have, sex with... it's impolite. Several so far," he added, though, breaking his own rule. "And you?" he was smiling, with a touch of bravado curving his full red lips.

"I haven't seen anything here that looks as good as you yet," Grant answered truthfully.

Gunther looked embarrassed, but flattered. Avoiding Grant's eyes for a moment, he tried to slip past him to leave the bathroom. Grant stopped him, reveling in the play of hard muscle in Gunther's biceps when he gripped his arm lightly, but firmly, to detain him. Their eyes met again.

"Carr told me I was supposed to help myself to anything I wanted here,"

Grant said. "And since I want you, and you belong to him, I guess it's open season on beautiful blond studs, man! Come on, let's go someplace and fuck."

Gunther looked flustered, but didn't try to pull away. "Grant, we are friends. We work together. I knew that you and Mark are gay one of the other men on the crew was talking about it the other day. And I saw Mark here tonight. You are a very attractive guy. I like you. But I don't want us to complicate matters by making love."

"Bull shit. You're a bottom man a slave. You like having sex with top men, don't you? Well, I'll be your top man tonight, fucker. I'll give you the kind of sex you like."

Gunther looked pained. "Please, Grant, could we talk about it first? I have a room I use when I stay here. No one will disturb us there."

"No, I've had about enough of this party. Let's go to my place."

"Very well. Let me tell Robert that we are going first."

"Fuck him. He's probably busy right now, anyway whipping some slave. And he's not your owner I hope! You can call him from my place in the morning." Grant began to pull Gunther along with him as he headed upstairs. "Just let me grab my clothes and we'll be on our way."

Gunther stuffed his fat prick into his jeans and zipped them up, creating a huge bulge in the crotch of the tight pants. "Maybe I ought to put on at least a shirt, too. I'm not very respectably dressed."

"You look fine to me, stud. Come on. Time's a-wasting."

The action in the living room had slowed down considerably, since most of the guests had retreated into the various bedrooms to get down to some serious fucking or to sleep for a while before continuing. The two guys slipped out of the house without being noticed. A few minutes later, they were headed down the long driveway in Grant's car.

Gunther was silent for some time before he volunteered: "Grant, you do not understand. I got into the leather scene back home in Germany. I had a lover, a master there, and when I go back home I may resume my relationship with him. I want to be faithful to him... in a way. Here, I will have sex with other guys, but only to learn how to be a better bottom man. There's no emotional commitment. Except with Robert, a little. He is such a beautiful man and such a good master. It excited me to have a well-known actor as my top man. But he doesn't keep me. I know you think he does. He takes me out, buys me presents but I don't sell myself for sex."

"You don't have to explain anything to me, Gunther," Grant said impatiently. "What you do is your own fucking business. But I've just got to get you out of my system, man. I've got to fuck you or go crazy wanting to. I'm pretty new to this leather scene, myself. I like you a lot. If you don't want to get involved, we can still have good, hot sex together. You've already admitted that you have sex with other guys. Why not me?"

Gunther sighed. "Grant... I am strongly masochistic. You can't begin to understand it. I love leather sex. When a sadistic man comes up to me in a

bar, or at a party like tonight, and tells me what he would like to do to my body, I get weak all over. I almost come thinking about it. And he knows that he can have me and do anything he wants to me no matter how degrading. I get too hot to resist. But it is humiliating, and I would not want to feel ashamed to look you in the face at work the next day."

"I wouldn't humiliate you, Gunther. I'd like to make real love to you.

This leather stuff is wild, but can't you ever get into just ordinary, mellow sex?"

"Oh, sure," Gunther said, sounding relieved. Grant could feel himself getting tense with anticipation as he drove. Trying to keep his tone casual, he asked. "Which way would you like it tonight rough or mellow?"

Or both?"

Gunther thought it over for a few minutes. "Both," he said at last, not looking at Grant. "Both ways. First, the rough stuff. Then, later, the real lovemaking... so I can see if you still like me as a person, not just as a sex object."

They drove in silence for several minutes, neither man daring to speak as their lust built.

Suddenly, Grant swerved off the highway and down a side road, which led through fields to farms up ahead and out of sight behind some low hills.

"Where are we going, Grant?" Gunther asked, mildly alarmed.

"Shut up, slave." Grant braked the car to an abrupt halt and turned off the engine. "Take off your clothes," he baited. "I'm going to fuck you right here, out in the open, where anybody can see us... and you're going to love it!" He pushed open the car door on Gunther's side. "Get out and strip naked, slave. Now!"

As Gunther obeyed, slowly and with a reluctance that Grant was sure was feigned. Grant got out, too, slipping his belt from his jeans.

"Drop your pants, slave," he grunted.

Gunther unfastened his jeans with trembling hands, his bare torso gleaming white in the moonlight. "But it's..."

"Shut up. A slave doesn't speak to his master unless spoken to."

And then Gunther let out a yell of pain as Grant's belt slashed through the air and landed flat and loud against the blond's husky chest. Then Grant hit him again, on his ass. Finally, enraged by the way Gunther just stood there gaping at him, defying his orders, Grant brought the belt upward between Gunther's legs and struck him in the crotch.

His body burning with the whiplashes, his gasps catching in his throat, Gunther quickly pushed his jeans down to his ankles.

"All the way off! And your boots, too. Everything, slave. I want that body of yours bare-assed naked."

The belt landed again. Gunther shed his few clothes as fast as he could.

Then he stood in front of Grant, naked except for the obscene looking dog collar buckled tightly around his neck, his cock already stiffening with anticipation of what Grant might do to his naked and vulnerable body.

Feeling his own cock bulging between his legs, Grant unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out into the open air. "Get down on your knees in the dirt in front of me and suck it."

Gunther approached, wary of the belt in Grant's fist, but as the other construction worker could see excited and getting even harder now. Grant watched as the big blond stud fell to his knees and put his hot, sweet, juicy mouth around the head of his prick, letting out a single loud moan of satisfaction at its size and taste before opening his lips wider and stuffing the rest of the cock inside.

"Suck it, slave," Grant repeated, panting. Gunther was good at cocksucking. Very good. His German master and Carr had taught him well. He deep-

throated Grant with an easy expertise that no other cock-sucker had ever demonstrated for Grant's benefit. Grunting, unable to keep from betraying his intense pleasure, Grant stood there and got blown, and, when he tired of Gunther's demanding mouth, he commanded the bland to get up again.

"Go over and lean against that tree trunk. I'm going to warm up that butch ass of yours before I fuck it!"

"Don't hurt me, Master. Please don't hart me too much." But the German's voice, as he backed against the rough bark of a large tree nearby, sounded mere imploring and passionate thou truly fearful.

"No one gave you permission to speak, slave! Turn around," Grant said.

"Face the tree. Get your arms up around it. Hug it. Spread your legs some. Rub your prick against it."

Then Grant raised the belt again. He beat Gunther's beautiful butch ass with the studded leather strap until the big guy collapsed to his knees, still hugging the tree with both brawny arms and moaning in genuine pain.

Possessed, Grant continued to lash him, snapping the belt back, lifting it high, bringing it down hard on Gunther's moonlit, pale, naked body that cringed and writhed at each fierce blow. At last, Gunther lay in the grass screaming, trying to protect his face and crotch and welted ass from the rain of blows, cursing in German. Suddenly, amidst the hail of leather, Gunther sprang up with a choked cry and ran out from under the tree and across the freshly-plowed field behind it.

Grant flung the belt aside and started after him. He found it rough going through the furrows of loosened earth, but Gunther was barefooted and Grant finally caught up with him, far out in the middle of the field under the full moon. A flying tackle brought the naked blond crashing to the dirt. Clods flew in all directions as Grant quickly mounted Gunther, forcing him to lie face down when the German tried to throw him off and escape. They wrestled, Grant pushing Gunther's face into the soft moist soil until he stopped struggling and lay beneath Grant passively, surrendering.

Grant let go then, allowing Gunther to get his breath back in great, racking sobs as Grant pulled his pants down and prepared to fuck him.

"Feel that, slave?" he demanded viciously, jabbing his ungreased but fully hard cock between Gunther's sensational buns, searching for his asshole and finding it at once. "That's a man's prick going into your ass getting ready to fuck you shit less, slave!"

"Fuck me, sir! But not so rough. You're hurting me! Please!"

"Bull shit! You love it, fucker. And besides, who could hurt a whore like you? This must be nothing compared to what that bastard Carr does to you every night. I've got a bigger cock than he does though, so maybe it does hurt can you feel the difference? Can you feel that big cock fucking in and out of your tight ass, slave? Can you feel it in you fucking your ass for you?" Grant plunged his prick deeper into the incredibly hot, moist, responsive interior of Gunther's ass with each fuck-plunge. "Take it!

Take that! And that and that! I'm fucking all the masochist out of you tonight, stud! I'm fucking it out of you! Burning it out! Hurting it out!"

"Yes, fuck me! Fuck me hard!" Gunther screamed at each deep fuck-thrust into his ass guts. His hands dug into the loose earth and scattered it in clumps. "Yes, yes! Fuck me, fuck me hard! Fuck me, you stallion! You hung son of a bitch! Fuck me, sir! Fuck your slave's ass!"

In his frenzy of erotic excitement he lapsed into German, but Grant didn't need a translation. He fucked Gunther like he had never fucked any other guy, with insane abandon and bruising, unrelenting energy. Driven berserk by Gunther's greedy acceptance of what he was doing to him, Grant jabbed his cock harder, deeper, into that convulsively responsive asshole as he cursed the blond man sprawled beneath him in the dirt.

"Harder! Fuck me harder!" Gunther cried. Grant got there fast. Too fast.

With a yell of frustration, he tore his prick out of Gunther's ass, grabbed a fistful of blond hair, and wrenched the German's head around toward him.

"You whore! You filthy fucking slave! You public asshole that anybody can fuck! You dog in heat! You ahhhhhh!"

Grant came violently, spraying his white cum all over Gunther's handsome face, now almost unrecognizable beneath the sweat and dirt streaked over it. Then, exhausted, Grant flung Gunther aside and collapsed onto the cool, moist earth. The two young men lay there gulping down air, breathing loudly, staring up at the stars.

"You all right?" Grant gasped finally.

"Yes, sir." Gunther turned onto his side to reveal the muddy streaks of his own come on his belly and thighs. His cock was still dribbling the last of his jism. "I told you that I wanted it right the first time, Grant. Now take me home and fuck me again if you want to. But the right way this time. In your bed. Make love to me. All night long, if you can."

They were quite a sight when they got to Grant's apartment. Grant looked merely seedy, with his clothes stained with dirt and come in places, but Gunther looked as though he'd been run over by a truck and dragged along after it for mile after mile before getting free.

"I had better shower," the blond said sheepishly, stripping off his jeans that were caked with mud and shaking his disheveled and dirt-dusted hair.

"Go ahead I'll get the bed ready."

Grant took off his clothes and turned down the bed. Despite having just fucked Gunther in the open air, he felt as nervous and as excited about spending the night with the big blond stud as though it were his very first trick. He was busy rolling a joint when a transformed Gunther emerged from the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist, looking refreshed and incredibly desirable.

They smoked the joint, with Gunther lying flat on his back on the mattress with Grant, beside him, leaning over him to pass the cigarette and caress him lightly from time to time after doing so.

It quickly got sexual. Grant pushed the sheets down to the foot of the bed to get them out of the way as he moved his other hand from Gunther's hip to the curve of the blond's tanned belly and stroked him there. Then he was gripping Gunther's thick cock in both fists, jerking the blond off as he tolled over to bring their warm, naked bodies into arousing, exhilarating contact. Their chests and thighs touched, then rubbed sensuously together as Gunther, moaning with arousal, threw his strong arms around Grant's torso and pulled his fellow construction worker close to him.

Their panting mouths sought and found each other, locking in a breathless kiss. Grant's wet tongue darted deep into the warm moist cavity of Gunther's open mouth. He felt the other young man tense against him, then gradually accept him, and was surprised to realize that Gunther must still have some inhibitions about open-mouthed kissing between men. In his sado-masochistic scenes, there was probably much more emphasis on rough fucking than on this lingering tenderness and foreplay. Well, Grant would show this gorgeous hunk what he had been missing all this time! He took one hand away from the solid prick that throbbed beneath his ministrations, and stroked Gunther's squirming body to reassure him, as he concentrated on making their kiss as delightfully prolonged and as tender and arousing at once as he could. Gunther stopped struggling and began enjoying. His big hands gripped Grant's head twisting the shaggy brown hair, and they pressed their lips even tighter together as Gunther's tongue slithered out to tease Grant's.

Their hard-muscled young bodies ground together fiercely, Grant's hard-on rubbing along Gunther's tough perineum muscle when he thrust it between the blond's parted thighs after the German had rolled over on top of him.

They were both panting hard for breath when they finally, reluctantly, broke the only to let their wet mouths slide restlessly over each other's cheeks and beard-stubbed chins and throats. Each man responded to the other's soft murmuring inhalations and exhalations with near articulate breaths of his own, in a private language of desire.

Their mutual fatigue after their brutal fuck in the field was fading, to be replaced by lusty male energy and raw sexual need. But for the moment it encouraged them to draw out their foreplay to a highly pleasurable and

arousing length. Their hands ceaselessly explored each other's nude bodies, caressing powerful young muscle and sinew, each guy growing increasingly wild in his excitement over what he touched and squeezed as they tested each other's toughly masculine strength. Their cocks moist and urgent with intense arousal rubbed together, sending hot shudders of expectation through their bodies. Each man instinctively avoided fondling the other's cock directly for fear of bringing about a premature climax.

They were both close to losing their come-loads even in this supposedly preliminary stage of impassioned lovemaking.

Grant forgot about the experiences he'd had at Carr's party. This was so much better to be alone in bed with one guy, enjoying the security and promise of unrestrained man-to-man fucking with him.

"Jesus fucking Christ! I'm so fucking hot I could pop my nuts just holding you, touching your beautiful stud body," Grant whispered, punctuating each phrase with a long kiss planted on Gunther's eagerly receptive lips. He buried one hand between the blond's ass cheeks. "I love your fucking stud ass! Your whole Goddamn body... your man's body...

so hard... but smooth, too, fucker. Smooth in all the right places gorgeous!" He laughed, then burrowed his face into Gunther's shoulder.

"I'd like to just lie here and cuddle up next to you forever, man but you make me so hot, so horny, I just gotta do something about it. Now! Before I go crazy wanting you! Tell me what you'd really like to do in bed what your leather masters won't do for you and I'll do it! I'll make love to you so Goddamn hot and heavy you'll never want to go back to that Carr guy again!"

Gunther turned and embraced him roughly. "Oh, Grant just listening to you talk to me like that makes me want sex so bad I'd let me suck you again.

I love the taste of your cock in my mouth!"

"I'll suck yours, too I haven't, yet we'll go down on each other for a while," Grant said heatedly.

He broke away from the German's embrace only long enough to spin his body around on the bed and thrust his head down between the blond's muscular thighs. Gunther parted them eagerly, then groaned and thrashed about on the mattress, gritting his teeth in exquisite torment as he felt his big cockhead being engulfed by Grant's warm, wet lips and the subtle, teasing, excruciating pressure and relaxation of the cock sucking began and built quickly.

Grant took all of Gunther's cock shaft into his mouth and intensified his efforts. His hot tongue probed the seeping piss slit of Gunther's cockmeat, ran all around the twitching head of the overexcited cock, pushed the foreskin farther back and dug down beneath it, cleaning the fold of skin out and driving Gunther frantic with fuck-lust. The blond choked back a shriek of excitement as Grant seized his huge balls in one hand and shoved two fingers of the other between his ass cheeks, digging them into Gunther's asshole, which made a violent contraction of involuntary resistance at their touch.

"You're making my whole horny," Gunther moaned.

"Mine is, too." Grant squirmed in Gunther's embrace. "Christ! You make me so fucking horny just thinking about it! You want me, buddy? You want to ram your stud prick up my butch ass? Try being the top man for a change?"

"Yes! Yes, Grant, please! Let me take you that way!"

Gunther, surprisingly aggressive and self-confident all of a sudden, seized Grant and pushed him flat on his back on the bed, straddling his husky body and leaning forward, his own bulky frame arching. He kissed Grant on the lips, a tender, reassuring kiss, unlike their earlier, frantic tongue-kissing.

"Put your legs up over my shoulders, Grant, as high as you can get them," the German instructed him in a tight, tense whisper of impatient desire.

Both men's hearts pounded wildly in their chests as they thought about how, in a very few seconds, their bodies would be joined in the most intimate

way possible.

Grant's smooth thighs rubbed against either side of the big blond's torso. Grant stared into Gunther's blue eyes, which were now hot and burning with his lust to fuck. Gunther leaned forward more, thrusting his arms out, his palms planted on the firmly molded mounds of Grant's heaving pecs, to brace himself as he pressed his naked groin between the upraised ass, cheeks that were already split slightly open by the position of Grant's widespread legs.

Grant put his own hands down quickly to grasp and spread his ass cheeks for Gunther.

Gunther lurched forward quickly and started to fuck Grant hard! It took him a long time to come, too. He fucked his cock into Grant's ass innumerable times, until it seemed as though they'd been fucking like this all night. Grant lost track of time, of space forgot everything except that he was finally being fucked by the guy he'd desired in vain for so long. He reveled in the erotic sensations as his blond stallion fucked his ass. Gunther could feel himself getting close, so he fucked harder, with faster, deeper cock-strokes. Grant gasped as his ass was plowed by that huge prick so ruthlessly. The muscles in his calves and thighs and lower back had begun to ache from the strain of remaining in this position, with legs thrown up over Gunther's shoulders.

That hard, overexcited prick continued to fuck in and out of the unresisting ass. Gunther's swollen cock began to swell even more as fresh supplies of jism boiled up inside his balls in preparation for the climax that was now only seconds away. At last, after long, breathless moments of steady fucking, the instant of release came. Hot come surged up from deep within Gunther's balls, burst through his prick in a single sluggish wave, gushed out through the tip of his burning prick and flooded Grant's ass guts, setting off another climax for him, too.

"I'm coming! Jesus Christ, yes I'm coming, baby!" Grant moaned. "I can feel it I can feel your hot fucking cum going up my ass filling my ass!"

Lose it, lover shoot your whole fucking load into me! Let me have all of that hot Kraut come! Come in my ass! Come, baby! Come in my ass!"

"Take it I'm still coming!" Gunther gasped, gripping Grant's legs tightly against his chest as he pumped the rest of his come-load into that willing asshole, and watched Grant fisting his own prick to milk it dry as it shot wad after wad of creamy jizz onto both their humping bodies.

They continued to come together like that, thrillingly, clinging to each other with faint cries of excited satisfaction, rubbing their hot, sweaty, come-lubricated bodies together until their cocks had stopped spurting and they were both content at last. Twitching from time to time with a last, fading urgency of involuntary reaction, the two naked, muscular bodies collapsed onto the soiled bed in a single heap of tightly interlocked limbs.

Gunther's cheek was pressed against Grant's throat as the German reached up to stroke his ass with both hands. Gunther's dripping, come smeared prick, still rigid, slipped easily out of Grant's relaxed ass.

The two young men's tired muscles relaxed completely at last. Both guys reeked of their winged sweat and come, as well as of the liquor and pot they'd consumed earlier. But both savored the pungent male aromas as though they were a blend of exotic perfumes. Grant slowly, voluptuously, turned his head so that they could kiss, tongues intertwining as though by instinct, mouths tightly joined, breaths combining.

"I'm beat... let's get some sleep, stud you can fuck me again in the adjourning, if you want. Or I'll fuck you. What difference does it make, as long as we get it on together? You beautiful blond bastard, you,"

Grant murmured sleepily into Gunther's ear.

"I loved fucking you, Grant. I love your body... I think I could even be falling in love with you," Gunther confessed.

"Fall all you want," Grant laughed delightedly, "as long as I'm there to catch you. Give me another kiss. That's right. Good night."

"Good night."

As he settled down to sleep in Gunther's strong embrace, Grant knew that this might be the beginning of a good thing for both of them. Of course, there would be problems. For one thing, he'd have to wean Gunther away from the S and M scene, which wasn't really Grant's thing away from the seductive but sinister influence of Robert Carr and his leather friends.

And there was the unresolved problem of Grant's on-again, off-again affair with Mark. Having an affair with Gunther would be complicated by the fact that Mark was both men's boss down at work. But tonight, in bed with the beautiful young German stud, Grant felt confident that he'd be able to surmount any difficulties that might arise. He'd had Gunther at last and the experience had surpassed his wildest expectation. They were together, now, and that was the most important thing. It was something that could be built on.

He kissed Gunther again, snuggled next to his warm, naked body, and then both men quickly sank into a deep, dreamless sleep, cradled in one another's anus.

THE END